



No. 345.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT, THE HANDSOMEST AMERICAN ACTRESS IN TOWN.

Again delighting large audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre in "An American Citizen." Her husband is Mr. Nat Goodwin, the famous comedian. who plays in the same diverting comedy.

MRS. LANGTRY'S REAPPEARANCE IN
"THE DEGENERATES," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"You are the very devil," said Isidore de Lorano to the Duke of Orme, who promptly replied, "In that case we shall meet again"; and the Duke might have said the same thing to almost everyone he saw at the



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS NELLIE DENVER IN "THE SILVER KING,"
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

house of Sir William Samaurez on the evening when he met Mrs. Trevelyan after her divorce.

The Duke himself was a "degenerate"—perhaps "decadent" is a better term. He was in search of his ideal, "a woman," and determined to make her his wife, if possible. He fancied that the true woman is a *rara avis*, and well she might be in the places where he sought her. His ideal was strange, his demands were not severe; she might be spotted in character, damaged in reputation, and need not have youth if she had some curious indefinable kind of womanliness that he admired.

Mrs. Trevelyan was almost his ideal; the divorce that she had obtained was notoriously a fraud on the Court. She was a hedonist without care or conscience, a woman still busy sowing wild oats, though she had a sixteen-year-old daughter. The other guests were a pretty gang: Mosenthal, an apostate Jew millionaire, suspected of "I. D. B.," and constantly using a Germano-Yiddish accent to denounce the Hebrews; Carl Hentsch, whose father left him five millions and a diseased heart, whose mother, two millions and half a lung, whose misfortune in life was the constant good-luck that robbed him of excitement in gambling, and to whom all the material joys of life were denied by a rotten constitution; de Lorano, a swindling foreign financier; Viscount Stornoway, a besotted cad who would not have been tolerated in a cabman's shelter; and Mrs. Bennett-Boldero, a "chiffonnier" Society journalist. Host and hostess were little to boast of. Sir William Samaurez was faithless to his beautiful wife, of whom he had grown weary owing to her mad fits of jealousy, and she had determined to revenge herself after the manner threatened by the heroine of "Françillon" and elope with de Lorano. A pretty party this, apparently brought together by the principle involved in the phrase "Birds of a feather flock together." Sir William Samaurez had an assignation at Mrs. Trevelyan's at midnight, and his wife a rendezvous—really a *rendezvous*—at Lorano's for the same time.

Ere Mrs. Trevelyan saw the baronet, something happened. Her daughter Una came home suddenly from school. The home-coming of Una was the bugbear of her mother's life, since Mrs. Trevelyan's maternal instinct was too deeply buried in a heart full of corruption and worldliness to tell her that Una might bring love and joy, and not competition for men's favour, and dethronement. How could the *divorcée* lead her female-bachelor life with a coming-out girl tied to her slight shoulder-straps, how pose as young by the side of a daughter old enough for matrimony? Una arrived at an inopportune moment; her

mother's rooms were crowded with the contemptibilities of the Samaurez set, and Sir William was almost due; but, if the visit was unwelcome, the girl was quickly welcomed to the mother's arms and heart. A miracle happened.

In five minutes the girl had destroyed the ill-effects on her mother's nature of twenty years or so of "going the pace," and converted the *devotée* of pleasure into a woman; the leopard had changed her spots even if her character remained maculate.

Mrs. Trevelyan's first sign of repentance was her refusal to see Sir William Samaurez; her second was an attempt to save Lady Samaurez from de Lorano, so she sent Una to bed and rushed off to de Lorano's rooms. A good deal had happened ere she got there. Lady Samaurez had come ready for elopement; she was such an amateur in vice that she arrived in full evening-dress, with no luggage.

Mrs. Trevelyan could have taught her a thing or two. Now, there was a curious clinging to respectability in the bosom of the unhappy woman.

To revenge herself, she was willing to dishonour herself and her husband; but she expected Lorano to marry her and regularise the situation after the divorce, and de Lorano very candidly explained that he did not see the matter from that point of view; so she had determined to give up the elopement, and then found her departure opposed by bolts and bars.

Mrs. Trevelyan arrived just in time. There seems no need to tell at length the many incidents that took place at midnight in the chambers of the company swindler. It is enough to say that Mrs. Trevelyan determined that, in order to save Lady Samaurez, she would sacrifice her own character—a sacrifice which, apparently, would have been a great gain to her, since she was sadly in want of a new character; that Lady Samaurez did escape; that Sir William and the Duke of Orme found Mrs. Trevelyan in Lorano's bedroom (as represented in the first of *The Sketch* drawings); and that the former was righteously indignant when he formed the conclusion that the lady was as intimate with de Lorano as he had hoped that she would be with himself. The Duke, however, guessed the truth, and that the lady was nobly adding to her famous collection of spots in order to save Lady Samaurez.

So the Duke of Orme came to the conclusion that Mrs. Trevelyan, after all, was a woman—according to his ideal—and made a successful offer to add her to the number of ladies of the aristocracy who do not find the air of Buckingham Palace salubrious. It is to be hoped he found



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS WILFRED DENVER IN "THE SILVER KING,"
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

the phrase about the reformed rake making the husband is applicable also to the other sex.

Mr. Sydney Grundy, in his somewhat daring experiment into the low life above-stairs, has given witty dialogue, vivid little sketches of character, and clever patches of theatrical effect, but he has failed in what seems to be his scheme of rendering his central figure, Mrs. Trevelyan, interesting or conceivable. Mr. Carton has given us Lady Algry twice

"THE DEGENERATES": MRS. LANGTRY'S CHIEF SCENES.



THE SACRIFICE OF MRS. TREVELYAN.



THE TRIUMPH OF MRS. TREVELYAN.

over, and succeeded in making the woman of the world a creature with whom one could sympathise, despite her many bad points.

Mrs. Langtry played the part of Mrs. Trevelyan with obvious sincerity; she may have lost a little of the technical skill which she formerly possessed, but the vigour and effectiveness of her work are as incontestable as her beauty. Throughout the whole evening she was the cynosure of the house. Excellent work was done by Miss Lily Hanbury. Miss Lily Grundy's débüt was brilliantly successful. Sincere praise may be given to Mr. Harcourt Beatty, Mr. Leslie Kenyon, Mr. Gottschalk; congratulation to Mr. Grossmith junior and Mr. Maurice; but poor Mr. "Charley" Hawtrey seemed a little uncomfortable as the strangely unsophisticated or fantastically tolerant Duke.

E. F. S.

"THE REBELS," AT THE MÉTROPOLE.

Our playhouses, West-End, East-End, suburban, and otherwise, seem to be going in for quite an epidemic of historical plays. The first to

"A TRIP TO MIDGETTOWN," AT THE OLYMPIC.

Friday first-nights are very rare in this country, because the theatrical profession notoriously is superstitious in a high degree. Yet Messrs. C. and T. Rosenfeld introduced their unique company to Londoners last Friday at the New Olympic Theatre, the playhouse built for Mr. Wilson Barrett, who next evening made his first appearance at the Lyceum. Nor is there any reason to suppose that ill-luck has come from this violation of Friday, for the efforts of the little people were received with large favour. It may not be pretended that "A Trip to Midgettown" is a valuable contribution to the stage; the work, obviously, has been "built round" the Lilliputians by Mr. Breitenbach, who has displayed no surprising power of invention or vivacity of wit. Indeed, when one finds "Fatman, mayor"; "Soap, a barber"; and "Freelunch, a bar-keeper," one suspects wisely a poverty of humour. The piece shows that an American millionaire—called, not too nicely, Mr. Astorbilt—has a dwarf daughter who, when grown up, becomes tired of dolls and finds herself unsuited to the society of grown-up people. She is told that there is a colony of dwarfs at Midgettown, in Pennsylvania, and insists

Mr. Robert Loraine as Hervey Blake.



Mrs. Lewis Waller as Norah Bagenall.

Mr. H. B. Warner as Ned Bagenall.

Mr. Hasewod as Mr. Bagenall.

A SCENE FROM MR. JAMES B. FAGAN'S NEW PLAY, "THE REBELS," PRODUCED ON MONDAY LAST AT THE THEATRE MÉTROPOLE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MRS. LEWIS WALLER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

arrive is the sometime-talked-of Irish drama, "The Rebels," written by Mr. J. B. Fagan, and produced by Mrs. Lewis Waller at the Métropole on Monday.

That stirring lyric "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight?" has been much in evidence in this new drama, which, it will at once be guessed, is built up around the great Irish Rebellion of some hundred-and-one years ago. Of course, it is shown in this drama (as in so many others of its class) that all the good families within reach of Erin's Isle contrived to get involved in this Rebellion, and many a faction-fight or duel is the result.

Pending a fuller description of this new Irish drama, it may here be said that "The Rebels" has many a more or less blood-curdling situation, concocted around the "bhoys," begorra! Among the chief of these situations is the one shown in the illustration, wherein the "young Squire," Ned Bagenall (Mr. Harry Warner), is seen dying, after a duel with Captain Armstrong, of the Wicklow Yeomanry. As they used to say in the old penny-shows, "On the left of the wretched victim writhing in his gore" is seen the heroine, Norah Bagenall (Mrs. Lewis Waller), lamenting the poor "bhoys'" loss, while over his body you may observe the single-souled hero, Hervey Blake, vowing vengeance wholesale. But of all this more anon.

upon being taken thither. What passes amongst the midgets shows no real effort at dramatic effect, but merely an attempt to provide a frame in which the little ones may exhibit their gifts for dancing, singing, and acting, without regard to any particular plot, whilst from time to time ballets, performed by full-grown dancers and mounted very showily, are introduced. The company show considerable intelligence and signs of careful training; probably, in a smaller house, they would appear more advantageously, since to fill the New Olympic is a heavy task for little voices. One of the members, Mr. Adolf Zink, is quite a capital comedian, with an alert sense of fun; possibly some of the others were embarrassed by having to use a foreign tongue.

The Court Theatre has been so often unlucky of late years that one is pleased to see that Mr. Carton's piece, "Wheels Within Wheels," has now passed its hundredth night, and still is running merrily. Some pretended that its business would drop as soon as the smart set left town, but though the little village has lost for a while the curious class of Society of which our dramatists are now enamoured, the play goes well, and the clever, vigorous humours of Mr. Bourchier as Jim Blagden—the ablest piece of acting given to us by this versatile comedian—and the brilliant performance of Miss Compton are received with the greatest favour.

E. F. S.

MR. WILSON BARRETT'S SEASON.

In a book called "The Dramatic Peerage," which bears no date—it ought to be a misdemeanour to publish a book without a date—under the head of "Wilson Barrett" there is an article beginning with this sentence: "This eminent tragedian, who is second only to Mr. Irving, was born in 1838." The book, apparently, is seven or eight years old; the compilers might almost be called prophetic, when one considers the fact that on Saturday night Mr. Wilson Barrett appeared as manager for a time of the Lyceum Theatre. This, of course, by some will be regarded as almost the crowning point in the career of the actor born, like Sir Henry Irving, about sixty-one years ago, although, no doubt, Oct. 16, 1884, when Mr. Wilson Barrett produced "Hamlet" at the Princess's Theatre, was really the red-letter day of his life. In choosing for the first venture of his season at our leading theatre "The Silver King," Mr. Barrett has shown no little wisdom, for probably he is better known and more admired by playgoers on account of his work in the part of Wilfred Denver than for that in any other of his vast and varied répertoire. Moreover, the melodrama by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and the late Henry Hermann is an excellent piece for the off-season. Some may murmur and suggest that the Lyceum demands a higher standard of play than so frank a melodrama, but others will contend—and, I think, justly—that the piece is of quite as high a quality, from a dramatic point of view, as "Robespierre" and several of its predecessors. Indeed, "The Silver King" is one of the best melodramas ever written. Perhaps the clearest evidence of this is the fact that, although but a few weeks short of seventeen years old, it plays still as if unaffected by age. To some degree this is due to the great pains taken by the authors in nicely elaborating and finishing many of the characters in the piece, so that they are quite distinct from the ordinary rough sketches to which one is accustomed in this much-maligned class of play. In some respects, perhaps, the play shows signs of age, when compared with the best—but only with the best—of modern works of its class. I am inclined to think that the hero's thanksgiving for the railway accident which facilitates his escape would be more judiciously expressed nowadays by the dramatist, who would not run the risk of reminding one of Peer Gynt's lines on a not wholly dissimilar occasion—

God's well disposed towards me, after all—
But economical?—No, that he isn't.

Perhaps I am wrong in the suggestion, for, after all, what marks the melodramatic from the truly dramatic handling of a theme is a curious want of logic shown by it both in treatment of facts and fancies. This want of logic may be felt almost throughout the play. Nowhere is it so aggravating as in the scene in which Wilfred Denver quite needlessly risks his life, when disguised as the idiot Dicky, by declaring his innocence when shut up with the scoundrels who have committed the crime of which he has been accused.

In considering the play, which had a splendid reception, one naturally makes the effort to come to a conclusion whether Mr. Wilson Barrett's present performance is better or worse than his presentation of the part in 1882, and in this one has the assistance of the fact that he appeared as Denver at the Globe in 1888, and also at the Olympic three years later. In my opinion, however, one cannot come to a confident conclusion without relying unduly upon memory. The actor may have changed greatly in seventeen years, and so, too, the critic; and it may be that, if the original performance, without the slightest modification, could be presented to the critic to-day, he would form a very different judgment. At first sight, one is disposed to imagine that, speaking generally, there must have been some deterioration in the art of Mr. Wilson Barrett, when one considers how different is the judgment passed nowadays upon his Hamlet from that which was expressed in 1884, when it enjoyed a prodigiously enthusiastic reception at the Princess's. Whatever may be the truth, relatively speaking, it is certain that his acting on Saturday was in quite the right style for the piece, and entirely to the taste of the public, which showered applause upon him and compelled him to comply with a demand for a speech. "Picturesque acting in a picturesque part" must be the verdict.

Miss Eastlake, who created the heroine's part and played it admirably, is, unfortunately, no longer upon the stage. Miss Winifred Emery, who played charmingly the part of the lachrymose, long-suffering wife, is occupied with higher work; and now we have Miss Maud Jeffries, who long has been associated with the fortunes of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and is an actress of charm and talent, even if not, perhaps, accepted in London as of quite the calibre for full performance of some of the parts entrusted to her. Mr. Percyval, though his Captain Skinner is an excellent piece of work, can hardly make us forget the vivid acting of Mr. Willard in the part of the "Spider," nor can the excellent Jaike's drive from memory thoughts of so rich a comedian as the late George Barrett. Of Mr. George Barrett junior, Mr. Ambrose Manning, and Mr. Carter Edwards, one cannot but speak with pleasure. The dramatic critic, as distinguished from the mere journalist, trusts that we shall soon have the promised play by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Louis N. Parker.

E. F. S.

The attraction at the Princess of Wales's Theatre, Kennington, this week is the well-known drama, "The Streets of London," capably played by a specially selected company under the direction of Mr. Eade Montefiore. The cast includes several actors and actresses of sterling merit.

A NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

A well-known and weighty personage in the City, when I was a youngster, has just passed away at a little seaside town in Sussex, in the person of the once-notorious Baron Grant. The name of the "Emma" Mine has probably long been forgotten by all except elderly City men and speculators who were victims, but it was in everyone's mouth at one period in the Baron's career. I should think the flotation of the "Emma" must have taken place in the early 'seventies, when the Baron's neat, smart figure was quite at home east of Temple Bar, and was trying hard, but unsuccessfully, to make itself equally at home in Society.

Society, however, never reciprocated the Baron's advances, and his name, even when he figured as a public benefactor, seldom failed to provoke a smile in "smart" circles. London undoubtedly owes the regeneration of Leicester Square to Baron Grant. Who would have built the palaces which now are fast surrounding the green and tasteful garden—laid out by the Baron at a cost of some £30,000—about that



BARON GRANT.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

hideous waste, with its miserable classic statue (once the victim of a delightful practical joke), which I recall with horror as a crying disgrace in the days of my early manhood? The Baron, whose title was an Italian one, had a chequered career, and was twice in Parliament, and thrice, at least, in the Bankruptcy Court. Leicester Square should, however, preserve his name in the annals of London.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

If a crowded auditorium and unstinted applause are to be taken as indications of success, the management has reasons for congratulation, especially so far as the opening concert, last Saturday, is concerned.

In the programme, popularity rather than novelty was the central idea, and the warmth of its reception spoke for the wisdom displayed in the selections. Orchestrally considered, there is room for improvement, but this, no doubt, will follow with further rehearsals under such experienced and talented conductors as Mr. George Riseley and M. Georges Jacobi.

Mr. W. H. Cummings, Principal of the "G.S.M.," was the first of the British composers selected to conduct their own compositions, and in the inaugural programme the work chosen was his "Festal March," which was warmly received. Among the soloists there were two vocalists, namely, Madame Medora Henson and Madame Agnes Janson, who earned applause for their contributions; while the violin solos of Mr. Gerald Walenn were a distinct feature in the concert.

DEATH.

On Aug. 24, 1899, Major George Todd, late E.D.R.A., one of the founders of the Military Tournament, at Bexley Heath Asylum, aged sixty-seven. Buried at Nunhead.

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LONDON TAVERNS AND CLUBS OF YEARS AGO.

On the north side of St. Clement's Church, in a part of the Strand formerly called Pickett Street, is a well-known tavern, known originally as the King's Head, but now bearing over the door only the one word, "Carr's," and naught else but the number. It is next door to the silversmith's shop where "Uncle" Dobree for many years past has hung out the golden sign of The Arms of Lombardy, and also within a very few yards of the end of Wych Street.

In the fifth and sixth decades of this fast-expiring century Carr's was much frequented by the gentlemen of the long robe, both barristers and solicitors, for there was to be obtained the very best dinner in the neighbourhood. It was, unless I am greatly mistaken, the precursor of the then new style of the "cut from the joint" dinner, and was shortly after followed by Simpson's at the Cigar Divan opposite Exeter Hall, higher up the Strand.

At Carr's from four o'clock to seven or eight there was always a choice of prime joints on view and in cut on a table in the centre of the room, presided over by an expert in carving, clad in white—quite *au chef*. There was no limitation in the supply. If one serving did not appease the diner's appetite, the carver would go on cutting till countermanded. Vegetables, cheese, butter, salad, and bread were all included in the very moderate charge of one shilling and sixpence. Fish, soups, and sweets were all to be had if required at a small extra charge.

Mr. Carr himself, a tall, slender man, with a pleasing face ever bearing a genial smile, and scanty grey hair escaping from beneath a black silk skull-cap, was generally in and about the dining-room, ever keeping an eye on everything and passing a few chatty words with old customers. The appointments of the table were excellent, and far in advance of the age for places of that kind. All the drinkables were of unimpeachable quality. The proper thing to take there with dinner was Beaum, a speciality of the house, which was served in pint bottles, and was both good and cheap.

There was a snug little smoking-crib leading off from a corner of the dining-room to the left. All this is now altered, and a modern luncheon-bar forms one of the main features of the place. The genial old gentleman who was really the presiding genius of the house has long since joined the majority and the place knoweth him no more. Landlords of his type are getting scarcer every day.

At the end of Holywell Street, opposite to Carr's, is a dining-house that was a simple coffee-house in the 'forties, and obtained an unenviable notoriety through the body of a Mr. Wildman, either a member or a managing clerk in the Stock Exchange, being found at an early hour one morning lying upon the pavement, with every indication of foul play, and of having been thrown out of the first-floor window, after a desperate struggle, the marks of which were evident on the window-sill and the wall immediately beneath. There was an inquest, of course, and an open verdict, but no arrest. There were a number of particularly ugly rumours as to the character of the house after this occurrence, and much surprise was expressed at a man like Wildman having visited such a place. The whole of Holywell Street bore but a very shady repute at that time and for many years after.

Opposite to Surrey Street and the Strand Theatre is a little old "pub"—it is nothing else—called the Spotted Dog, some forty to fifty years ago kept by a man named Wilson, and known throughout the sporting world as "Spotty Wilson." Its sign is that of one of the canine race, white with round black spots—a dog that was once so fashionable as a follower of noblemen's and other "Upper Crust" people's carriages. It was trained to run under the "after end" of the carriage, between the hind wheels and beneath the footboard, where footmen in those days were wont to stand and hang on to the straps behind. Dogs of this sort were called Dalmatians, and known generally as carriage-dogs. Their name was corrupted by "Under-Crust" people into "Damnation Dogs," and by street-arabs into "Plum-Pudding Dogs." They are very rarely seen now in London streets.

Wilson's Spotted Dog was quite a trysting-place for Gentlemen of the Fancy as well as their backers and admirers. It was one of the houses where sporting gents looked in to get "the office" as to the day, place, and hour of the next "mill" that was to come off. In those days the marshes of the Lower Thames in either Kent or Essex were generally selected for the majority of these affairs.

Not very far from Wilson's, in the Drury Lane end of Wych Street, is the Craven Head Tavern, that gained a certain notoriety in 1851 which lasted a few years. The landlord was a particularly quiet, civil, and obliging man, but always looked down upon his customers, for he was, without doubt, the tallest man officiating behind a bar in London. He stood seven feet six inches in his stockings. His name was Robert Hales, well known all over Europe and the United States of America as the "Norfolk Giant." Barnum the showman took him round the States, and boomed him for all he was worth.

On his return to England, his reputation, like himself, was so great that he was presented to the Queen at Windsor, and had the honour of being the recipient of a gold watch and chain from her Majesty, which he wore as long as he lived.

The novelty of himself wore out in time and his presence ceased to draw, so he started two good-looking barmaids dressed in the "Bloomer" costume, at that time just imported from Boston, and once again his bar was crowded.

Hales had learned a little from his Yankee friend, Phineas B. The Craven Head has not often had such crowded bars since his death in 1863.

E. CALLOW.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Curiously enough, there are no partridges at Balmoral, and very few grouse. The royal table is supplied with partridges from Sandringham, but Lord Aberdeen always has a large box containing a dozen brace sent on the evening of the First from Haddo House. Even when Lord and Lady Aberdeen were in Canada, this graceful little gift was not forgotten, for, amid all his many duties, the Viceroy remembered to wire home instructions to his head-keeper.

One of the Queen's favourite excursions from Balmoral is that to the Glassalt Shiel, a charming cottage on Loch Muick, which is reached by a beautiful mountain-road through the forests of Balmoral and White-mouth. At one time the Queen used to visit one of her shielas every two or three days, and even now tea is often prepared in one of these cottages. The Danzig Shiel, in Ballochbuie Forest, is perhaps the most beautifully situated of all the picturesque little buildings, for it is close to the romantic Falls of the Garbhalla, in a lovely little pine and birch wood.

Princess Isabelle d'Orléans, the royal *fiancée* of the moment—for her engagement to her cousin, Prince Jean of Chartres, has just been made public—is to all intents and purposes an English girl, for she spent her childhood and girlhood at Stowe, where her prowess as a sportswoman aroused great enthusiasm. She is as fearless a horsewoman as her sister, the Duchess d'Aosta, and is never so happy as when out of doors. Her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, may be said to have first made shooting popular among Englishwomen, for, as a young married woman, she always used to accompany the guns while staying at Sandringham; and even now, when sending presents of game to her friends, she frequently encloses a card bearing the significant words, "Shot with my own hand." Princess Isabelle's future home will be in Denmark, where Prince Jean is very popular with the Royal Family, the more so that his sister is married to the Princess of Wales's youngest brother, Prince Waldemar. The marriage of the Princess, who came of age last May, will be a great loss to the Comtesse de Paris, who will still, however, have her two youngest children with her, Princess Louise, a pretty girl of seventeen, and Prince Ferdinand, who is two years younger.

A number of very interesting weddings will take place this autumn, the most notable, from a Society point of view, being, of course, that of Lord Castlereagh and Miss Chaplin, which, it is now said, will take place from Stafford House, the early home of the bride's mother, and a mansion which, thanks to the hospitable nature of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, contains suites of rooms constantly placed at the disposal of various members of the family, including Mr. Chaplin, whose London home-address Stafford House has now been for many years. The young Duchess of Sutherland has been chaperoning Miss Chaplin during the last three years, and is said to be anxious to "mother" her on this all-important occasion.

The marriage of Lord Rothschild's only daughter, Miss Evelina Rothschild, to Captain Behrens will also be a great function, attended by representatives of all the Continental Rothschilds. Probably with reference to their foreign relations' convenience, Lord and Lady Rothschild have decided that the marriage shall take place in London. It is, however, probable that the wedding-breakfast will be taken in their charming suburban country-house, Gunnersbury, rather than in the splendid Piccadilly mansion. Several members of the Royal Family will be present at the Rothschild marriage. The first Jewish wedding ever attended by the Prince of Wales was that of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and Miss Marie Perugia.

Two marriages of great interest to Ireland are also expected to take place during the next two months—that of Lord Granard and Lady Cantelupe, and that of Lord Pakenham. Preparations for the home-coming of the latter's bride are already being made on an extensive scale at Longford Hall, Lord Pakenham's place in West Meath. On the other hand, the reported engagement of Lady Randolph Churchill to

Mr. Cornwallis-West has been indignantly denied *du part et d'autre*, and very little has been said about the very interesting engagement of one of Lord Dudley's brothers to Lady Evelyn Creighton, although the fact has been officially announced in more than one quarter.

Notwithstanding all sorts of rumours, there seems to be nothing very definite to be said as to any prospective royal marriages. The future Emperor of Austria, who is believed on the Continent to be much attached to the widowed Crown Princess Stephanie, must be quite amused at the number of times his marriage has been semi-officially announced, first to one Princess and then to another. The latest of these rumours indicates that a Russian Grand Duchess, Princess Helena Constantinovitch, will one day be Empress of Austria. Such a marriage would, of course, have much to recommend it from a diplomatic point of view. The young Grand Duchess, who is very good-looking, lately broke off her engagement to Prince Max of Baden. The Archduke Franz Ferdinand was said in Vienna last winter to have shown great attention to the pretty elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland; she has, however, been brought up as a strict Lutheran. It is believed in Holland that the betrothal of the Queen will be solemnly announced during this month; but here again the secret has been well kept, and the girl-monarch does not seem to have shown any special favour to any one of the numerous German Princes who would willingly become Prince Consort of the Netherlands. Meanwhile, Queen Wilhelmina's Heir-Apparent, her second cousin the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, has become engaged to Duchess Sophia of Oldenburg, a niece of the Duchess of Connaught.

Lord Kitchener's present to the Queen of a pure-white Arab donkey is arousing a great deal of interest and comment. Her Majesty is constantly the recipient of gifts of live animals—indeed, one of the very first presents received by her after her accession as Queen was a splendid team of Arab horses from the then Sultan of Turkey. Now the Emperor Menelik has signified his friendly feelings to our country by sending her Majesty some beautiful zebras, which are for the time being at the "Zoo," although it is not at all likely that they will remain there, for there is ample accommodation at Windsor for these interesting and valuable creatures. As many people are aware, the most interesting and valuable private "Zoo" in the kingdom belongs to Mr. Rothschild, Lord Rothschild's eldest son and heir; his zebras are specially fine, and on more than one occasion he has driven them four-in-hand. The brother of

the present Member for Brighton has also established quite a miniature "Zoo" on his property, and when the Prince of Wales returned from India he brought back with him a number of wild animals, which found a happy home at Sandringham. Wild-animal keeping is a very fascinating pursuit, but, it need hardly be hinted, a very expensive one.

The correspondents who send home such charming accounts of Marienbad are discreetly silent as to the one eyesore of the place, and that is the enormous number of extremely fat people who are to be seen here, there, and everywhere. It is said that a record has been made this year in the matter of stoutness by a certain individual—a Turk, who weighs thirty-one stone. Almost as heavy is a huge Russian who comes each year. It is a rather curious fact that, since the corpulence cure inaugurated by Bismarck's physician was first given to the world, the number of wealthy Germans who used to frequent Marienbad has distinctly diminished. This cure, by the way, is exceedingly simple: it consists only in not drinking any kind of liquor at meals, and this although the patient is quite unrestricted as to the number of gallons he may choose to so absorb between meals. The cure has become immensely fashionable, much to the disgust of the great German hotel-keepers, who now have the mortification of seeing all their more distinguished guests, when at table d'hôte, deliberately turn their glasses upside down, in order that they may be spared the temptation of seeing anything poured out.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ISABELLE D'ORLÉANS.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

There was a gap at the Deauville Races last week, where the French sporting world have been used to seeing Albert Menier's colours in the field. The late Albert Menier was a son of the rich chocolate-manufacturer, whom everybody knows that has ever seen the poster of the little girl with the pigtail braids standing on tip-toe and pointing to

"Chocolat Menier." It was Menier *père* that invented the celebrated formula, "The best chocolate grows grey in growing old." It is he that has bought an island off Nova Scotia into whose harbour only his own ships can enter, where he has transplanted colonists who are all in his service, where he amuses himself with curious experiments in agriculture and in the domestication of exotic animals, and where he rules as a little king. With chocolate groves in San Salvador, with factories in France, with a toy kingdom in the North Atlantic, M. Menier is a manufacturer *fin-de-siècle*, and his son Albert was a "papa's son" on the same lines. His end makes one think of the "petit Sucier," Max Lebaudy, two or three years ago.

After the Dumas boom in England, France looks like having a Defoe rage. Last year, a capital version of "Robinson Crusoe" was given at one of the outlying theatres, and now both the Ambigu and the Châtelet are preparing

gorgeous productions of the work. At the latter, the adaptation has been entrusted to Blum and Decourcelle—the famous author of the "Deux Gosses." It has been decided to give to the spectacle a certain dramatic touch, even to the extent of pathos, and although there will be some gorgeous ballets and sensational effects, the low-comedian will be unknown, and nothing of the English pantomime suggested.

Miss Violet Cameron has just concluded her engagement at the Crystal Palace, where she has been playing throughout the summer in Mr. Pottinger Stephens's smart Revue, "The Dream of Whitaker's Almanack," and charming the many Londoners who visited the delightful open-air performance by her bright smiles and bewitching manner. Miss Cameron has "starred" in many pieces, and, on the spur of the moment, I can remember that she delighted me in "Rip Van Winkle," fascinated me in "La Mascotte," and enthralled me in "Les Cloches de Corneville." The interesting snapshot photo reproduced here was taken by the lady's clever little son.

I very much regret that the account of the Boscombe Carnival, published in the last issue of *The Sketch*, made no mention of the organising work done by Mr. Herman Salomon, who gave up much of his time and worked with unflagging energy for the good of the cause. I hasten to make amends for the omission by congratulating Mr. Salomon very heartily on the success of his efforts.

Better even than the bicycle does the automobile lend itself to the decorative artist, and at some of the recent fêtes in Paris there have been "horseless carriages" in which all trace of original ugliness was



DECORATED AUTOMOBILE OF M. VICTOR MATTHIEU.
Photo by A. Anderson, Paris.

completely hidden under the daintiest flowers. It is a pity that automobiles cannot always be garnished in this way. We should hear less of their unesthetic appearance, and perhaps be quicker won over to take them to our hearts. One of the most successful of the decorated automobiles was that of M. Matthieu, in which the absent horse was replaced by a floral swan, useless perhaps, but decidedly pretty.

Baden-Baden, always a favourite resort of the world that amuses itself, was crammed to its last attic for the Grand Prix, which was run in brilliant sunshine last week. Carriages and conveyances of all sorts, from four-in-hand to apple-carts, mustered in unprecedented numbers. Even the entrance-tickets gave out, and the Club lawn more recalled an Ascot or Chantilly than anything that has ever been seen at Iffezheim before. Mr. Borchard was driving Count Bismarck's coach, with him on the box-seat being the beautiful Mdlle. Zografo, wearing one of the new white silks with black velvet spots and a large black picture-hat.

Several other social leaders were on the same coach, notably (adds my correspondent) Baroness "Flossy" von Oppenheim, beautifully dressed in a painted muslin and large white rose-crowned hat. Countess Carl Kinsky, well known in London Society, was looking her best in a white silk painted with bunches of violets. Mrs. Ansell was in white, Mrs. Batten in pale pink. Mrs. William Jay, Princess d'Arenberg, and the beautiful "Kinsky girls" were the best-dressed women present.



MDLLE. DE LAYNIG, OF THE THÉÂTRE DEJAZET, PARIS, IN HER AUTOMOBILE.
Photo by A. Anderson, Paris.

On the same evening several smart dinner-parties were given, besides an impromptu one at the Club, at which Mrs. Batten, Baroness von Nagell, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Ansell, Countess Kinsky, and Prince d'Arenberg were all present.

The Blumen Corso, or Battle of Flowers, was the other great event of last week at Baden. Several carriages belonging to English visitors showed up very creditably, not the least being that of a Mr. Smith of that ilk—who had hired an Italian vetturina and covered it entirely with scarlet gladioli; a party of ladies inside it dressed in pure-white gave the whole a most picturesque effect. The Baroness von Marx, dressed in pale mauve, drove a dainty little T-cart covered in white convolvulus and purple chrysanthemums; while Baron von Bleichröder, one of the smart dancing young men here, drove in a victoria entirely covered in blue cornflowers and white lilac.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiller, also of the British contingent, took a prize with their "sociable," drawn by four horses and adorned lavishly with pink ribbons and La France roses. Pretty Mrs. Ansell, in a carriage covered with blue and white flowers, the horses led by negroes dressed in blue and white, made quite a sensation. Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar was prevented from giving the prizes, so his place was taken by Baron von Nagell. Twelve of the prizes were given by the Grand Duke of Baden, and twelve by the city, so there was no lack of encouragement for those who were desirous of securing a memento of a memorable day in the annals of this gay town.

Mr. Charles Wyndham is to be congratulated on the handsome new playhouse he has just built for himself in that rapidly improving thoroughfare, the Charing Cross Road. The theatre is not yet finished, but is in a sufficiently advanced condition to enable one to form a very favourable impression of its external appearance. The building is of

white stone, and, when the sun shines, has quite a dazzling appearance. Wyndham's Theatre—as, of course, all good playgoers will call it—is hard by the Garrick, and within a stone's throw of Daly's and the new hippodrome. It has the great advantage of being entirely isolated, the back-part and sides being in St. Martin's Lane. Following the American custom, it is to have a roof-garden, and of this great things are expected.

One of the leading characters in "The Ghetto"

is to be played by Mrs. Brown-Potter. There is probably no living actress who has travelled so much as Mrs. Potter. She has been no less than four times round the world. In the course of her travels she has, of course, become a curio-hunter, not so much perhaps by design as by accident. Her house is literally packed with nicknacks from floor to ceiling. Each has its history, and calls to mind some memory of the past. Amongst the Indian collection are to be found no less than sixteen watches. These chronometers represent the undying affection of sixteen different Rajahs. Evidently Rajahs have a peculiar weakness for watches.

But possibly the most interesting, or, at any rate, the most gruesome, item of this numerous collection is a sword. Whilst in China, Mrs. Potter received an invitation to attend the execution of some dozen or more pirates, known as the Nemour pirates. The invitation was, naturally, refused, but her would-be host, hearing that that very day was Mrs. Potter's birthday, sent the sword that had been instrumental in performing the terrible deed as a birthday present. Strange to say, the sender of this extraordinary present not long afterwards bequeathed to Mrs. Potter the pistol with which he put an end to his own existence. Of course, Mrs. Potter possesses photographs of almost every place of note in the world, and a silver spoon, with the arms of the town, marks every theatrical oasis in which Mrs. Potter has performed. This collection is somewhat extensive, considering that she has played in every English-speaking town of any importance in the world. Mrs. Potter is a great lover of dogs, and has a special weakness for the scenery of New Zealand.

The rather alarming illness of the Marquis of Bute has occasioned the suspension—only temporary, let us hope—of his work in connection with the new edition of his English translation of the Roman Breviary, for the appearance of which, a score of years ago, Papal sanction was given. The Marquis owns a unique collection of breviaries and missals of all nations, and his new translation will be revised throughout and considerably enlarged. It may appropriately be recalled just now that it was Monsignor Capel, once well known in the West-End of London, but now living in retirement in California, who was chiefly instrumental in effecting the Marquis of Bute's conversion, a quarter of a century ago, to Romanism, the event furnishing Lord Beaconsfield with material for "Lothair"—a novel one does not hear much about nowadays. The quincentenary of the burgh of Rothesay, of which Lord Bute's term of office as Provost expires in November, occurs next year, and quite recently his lordship had agreed to accept office for another year, in order that he might be able to preside over the celebrations in connection therewith.

The work of the Marquis in restoring old monastic ruins, particularly in the northern kingdom, is well known. That the grounds of Mountstuart, near Rothesay, where the Marquis was stricken with illness the other day, are the finest in the West of Scotland is only, however, a matter of local knowledge. Except when the family is in residence, and during the Glasgow Fair week, they are open to the public all the year round. In the adjoining forest the profusion of undergrowth is almost tropical, and the colony of wild turkeys, roosting in the giant trees, and

the perfectly tame kangaroos, are worth seeing. There are numerous charming retreats to lure the lover of a holiday remote from the madding crowd; while along the shore there runs a fine terrace and gravel-walk. A magnificent chapel is in course of erection at Mountstuart: the altar is being built of red-veined marble from Carrara, and the structure when completed will be one of the finest in Great Britain. Though an enthusiast in the work with which his name has come to be associated, the Marquis, who is justly regarded as a benefactor in widely separated districts of country, is one of the most unostentatious of men.

Cowper's line, "The quiet retreat, the silent shade," descriptive of Olney and its environment over a century ago, is equally applicable to the little Buckinghamshire town of to-day, albeit a railway journey of less than two hours separates it from the great Metropolis. The approaching centenary of William Cowper's death is beginning to attract more than ordinary attention to a locality indissolubly associated with his name, and Olney and the adjacent village of Weston Underwood, where Cowper spent, in all, twenty-eight years of his life, possess many enduring memorials of the poet. Olney is fortunate in having within its borders a loyal son who has used his pen in rendering more widely known the amenities of his native town. Mr. Thomas Wright, of the Cowper School, to whom reference is thus made, is the annalist of Olney; he is the latest biographer of Cowper and Defoe, and is something of a poet himself, for he has published at least one volume of verse. For some time past Mr. Wright has been endeavouring to arouse his towns-folk to action in connection with the centenary, and he thinks the people of Olney should purchase Cowper's house in the old market-place. The building, which has been tenantless for a long time, is owned by Mr. Collingridge, of the *City Press*, and it is his intention, according to rumour in the town of Cowper, to present the house to the Royal Historical Society.

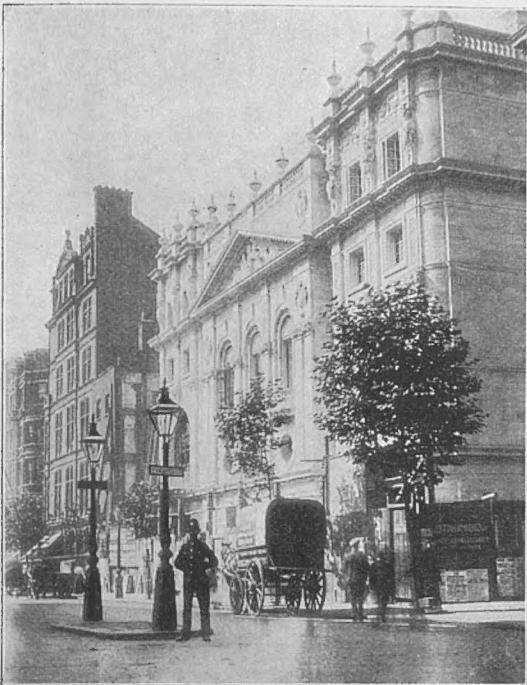
Until quite recently, Alpine tourists have been congratulating themselves on the absence of fatal disasters to climbers this year. Sad news, however, has just come to hand respecting an accident that befell two Englishmen—Messrs. Hill and Jones—and three guides. They were ascending the Dent Blanche when the rope broke between Mr. Hill and the rest of the party, with the result that Mr. Jones and the three guides



MR. JONES, THE ENGLISH VICTIM OF THE LATEST FATAL
ALPINE ACCIDENT.

Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick.

fell down a precipice, and were instantly killed. The accident happened at an altitude of over 14,000 feet. Mr. Hill was compelled to make his way home by a long route, eventually reaching Zermatt after passing forty-eight hours on the mountain. The bodies were found on the Dent Blanche glacier.



WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, CHARING CROSS ROAD.

Photo by J. Hartley Knight, Lower Sydenham

Miss De Dio is thoroughly artistic and graceful in her "star turn" at the Royal Holborn Music Hall, where she is giving a sketch, entitled "She," in the "Fire of Life," and is also appearing as a mystic follower of the "Sign of the Cross" under most charming limelight effects. Miss De Dio compares not unfavourably with the well-known



MDLLE. DE DIO, "RAINBOW ROBE" DANCER AT THE ROYAL MUSIC-HALL.
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Fire Queens, Miss Loë Fuller and Miss Jenny Mills. Miss De Dio has also personal charms. She is very young and very attractive-looking. Of course, these advantages are of no little importance, albeit the exhibition depends so largely on the artistic colouring of the "limes." It is satisfactory to hear that Mr. Rider Haggard has expressed his commendation of the "She" representation to Mr. Percy H. Boggis, who is acting as manager to Miss De Dio, as he did for three seasons to Miss Loë Fuller and Miss Mills. It is but fair to add that the variety entertainment generally is always good at the Royal Music-Hall.

What would some sportsmen give to find the moors in the same condition as those of the Duke of Buccleuch at Langholm Lodge about 1830? The grandfather of the present Duke was mainly non-resident, and the chief duty of the keeper consisted in warding off the owls and hawks from this game-preserve. Mr. John McDiarmid counted fifty blackcock feeding in one spot; pheasants were roosting in the trees, and hares sprang up about his feet. No wonder that even now Langholm Lodge is so popular a residence in the autumn for the Duke's family, who are but seldom at Drumlanrig or Dalkeith Palace. Langholm has the reputation of enjoying the heaviest rainfall in the South of Scotland. It is also most picturesque; the drive between Langholm and Canonbie is extremely fine.

The Rev. Montagu Villiers, the popular Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, who in the present crisis in the Church is counselling "obedience and discipline, with a view to imminent and deadly conflict," is one of the most influential of the Metropolitan High Church clergy, and his counsels are likely to have considerable weight with his party. Mr. Villiers is one of the Clarendon Villiers's, who are a branch of the family of which Lord Jersey is the head; he has a fine and stately presence, and, being an aristocrat and the incumbent of a fashionable church, has, quite fittingly, officiated at more really smart weddings than any other London clergyman. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," and Mr. Villiers, who has tied so many aristocratic knots, has not failed to add example to precept. His first wife was a daughter of Lord John Russell, his second a granddaughter of the third Earl of Cadogan, and both unions have been blessed with a considerable family. Mr. Villiers's father was Bishop of Durham, and his uncle was the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, who passed away, a year or so ago, at a patriarchal age, leaving his nephew a handsome fortune. Mr. Montagu Villiers is as popular in Society as he is in the Church.

In the issue of *The Sketch* for July 5 last, I published a letter from an Englishman in Bloemfontein, who assured me that it was quite possible for the English and the Boers to live at peace together, and for a deserving Uitlander to get his just rights. I have now received a letter from a correspondent at Johannesburg, who writes as follows—

Please allow me to contradict the statements made by your correspondent of Bloemfontein in your issue of July 5, 1899. I have lived here eleven years (since the very beginning of Johannesburg), and can assure you that the Uitlanders' position is going from bad to worse. Every year sees more oppression, extortion, and insults heaped on Englishmen.

Every Englishman in Johannesburg knows that if matters are allowed to slide as in the past, they will never right themselves, but, as the last eleven years have proved, go from bad to worse.

"Fair play" is what we Englishmen desire to see, and is what the Transvaal Boers and Hollander will never allow until they are made to.

No one here wants war; especially the Boers do not wish it. They only want to retain the right to oppress and exploit Uitlanders. Sir A. Milner and Mr. Chamberlain know the Boers and the Uitlanders and the situation, and, having put their hands to the plough, will not turn back till matters are right. Then we will get fair play and the rights of white men, and be no longer treated as political helots of an inferior race.

From long personal experience, I know your article by "Marmiton" of the same date to be absolutely correct, and what is desired, and, if all the English papers were as patriotic, we would quickly get justice without war.

I would like to sentence your correspondent to conduct a mercantile business for one year in Johannesburg. I have no doubt he is perfectly satisfied with the fair-minded Orange Free State Government, but he knows not the despotic Kruger-Wolmarans-Kock-Prinsloo-Tosen crew. I am not a capitalist. The above crew will not allow me to accumulate wealth; they want all I can make in fines and bribes and unjust taxes.

M. Bertillon is the expert in handwriting who, with an involved and fantastic system of "kutches" and "gabarits," wants to prove that the bordereau was written by Dreyfus, and whose system, another expert has demonstrated, can be used to prove with equal facility that the bordereau was written by Bertillon himself. He is the author of the anthropometric system of measuring criminals in use in the Courts of Justice in France and elsewhere. This system is considered infallible. It consists in measurements of the parts of the body, taken together and separately, in a minute written description and in photographs, all filed away under such an ingenious system of notation that, when a newly arrested man is brought in and measured, it is possible to put the hand immediately upon the file that corresponds nearest to him, and, by running it over, to see whether the man has been there before. If he has been, his identity is proved, and his history is known. "Come, come, my man," concludes the anthropometrist; "you have been *mûré* before. Own up and save us further trouble." And it is said that the files are so numerous to-day that the office is able to recognise in the course of a year some five hundred old offenders, and so save to the State some fifty thousand francs of expense. The criminals themselves are so afraid of this system that, in five years after it began its functions, the pickpockets of Paris were reduced from sixty-five to sixteen. M. Bertillon should have rested on his laurels.

The ruins of the Castle of Striguil, commonly known as "Chepstow Castle," will shortly come under the hammer. This is one of the first five Norman castles built in the reign of William the Conqueror, and is



CHEPSTOW CASTLE, ABOUT TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER.

Photo by E. J. Wallis, Putney.

a well-known ruin. The walls, which extend for a distance of 250 yards, and are smothered in creepers, rise above the cliffs of the River Wye to a height of a hundred feet. In one corner is the historic tower named after Marten, the regicide. The property will probably be used for show purposes.

Here are two photos taken on the jetty of the Victoria Pier, Blackpool, in connection with the Quarter-Mile Salt-Water Championship of England. One is of F. C. V. Lane, the winner, with the cup and medal, the photo having been taken after the race; the other shows the five competitors. No. 1 from the left is J. A. Jarvis (Leicester), 500 Yards, Half, One, and Five Miles Champion, also the Quarter-Mile up to Saturday last. No. 2 is F. C. V. Lane, Amateur Champion of Australia, and holder of the 220 and 440 Yards Championships of England; No. 3, G. Ritson, Cheetham S.C.; No. 4, T. Wildgoose, Hyde Seal S.C., and 1000 Yards Champion; No. 5, W. H. Lister. Mr. J. Derbyshire, the starter, is behind Wildgoose and Lister. Mr. T. Nuttall, father of "Joey," is next to Lister, and "Joey" Nuttall, Champion of the World, is behind them with his pipe.



F. C. V. LANE, QUARTER-MILE SALT-WATER CHAMPION SWIMMER.

Photo by Bebbington, Manchester.

the end one and all the principals received ovations. Splendid baskets of flowers found their way to the stage, and the cheering went on for some time after the close of the performance. Madame Cavallazzi-Mapleson, who left on Sunday for a two months' holiday in Italy, received the heartiest applause, but neither Miss Cameron nor Miss Pounds had reason to complain.

I saw Mr. Gillman, to whom the Crystal Palace Company had presented a handsome souvenir of their regard, shortly after the performance. He told me he was very pleased with the result of the Crystal Palace's first great experiment in permanent entertainment with a big London company. "Of course," he said, in course of our conversation, "the Revue suffered from the delay in getting the open-air stage ready. The great heat was against us in the theatre. Once in the open air, 'A Dream of Whitaker's Almanack' attracted large audiences, and, apart from the question of its immediate patronage, there can be no doubt that it helped to draw a large number of our general summer visitors. No, I won't talk about next year," he went on, "except to say we shall endeavour to maintain our record; but I will tell you about the Saturday Concert season. It will open on Oct. 7, when Madame Blanche Marchesi will sing and Johannes Wolff will play the violin, and on the following Saturday 'Samson and Delilah' will be given for the first time at the Saturday Concerts."

Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., who has lately given £1000 for the erection of a pulpit in Shakspere's Church at Stratford-on-Avon, is perhaps better known as the biographer of the late Prince Consort than as the witty author of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." Like most of those whom the Queen delights to honour, Sir Theodore is a Scotchman. He began life in quite a small way, as Writer to the Signet, and he owed his being entrusted with the very responsible task of writing the "Life of the Prince Consort" to an intimate personal friendship with Sir Arthur Helps, one time Clerk of the Council, to whom the Queen had offered the work.

Sir Arthur, feeling himself unable to carry through such a stupendous task as he foresaw the life was likely to be, recommended his friend, Mr. Martin, and the latter, after much hesitation, undertook to write the biography, provided he were allowed a completely free hand in the choosing and the disposing of the material. The Queen, with rare magnanimity, consented, and it is greatly to her honour that not on one occasion, as Sir Theodore Martin has himself testified, did her Majesty try to influence him in any way, although she, of course, suggested many additions, and carefully read every line of the work both in rough form, in manuscript, and in proof. Her Majesty has no more devoted subject.

Sir Theodore, who is a very remarkable and interesting man—indeed, few people now living know more of the inner history of our Royal Family—has had one most romantic episode in his life. Shortly after he arrived in London, he made the acquaintance of that grand actress, the Stage Queen of her day, Miss Helen Faucit. Although she was somewhat older than himself, he fell violently in love with her, and they were finally married. Not very long after the wedding, Mr. Martin was staying at Windsor, when he fell and sprained his foot. Mrs. Martin was immediately telegraphed for, and the Queen became very much attached to the famous actress, and their friendship lasted till the latter's death last year.

Sir Theodore and Lady Martin were at one time a great deal seen in literary and political London society, and their charming house, though on the north side of Oxford Street, was a delightful centre, both host and hostess being remarkably cultivated and witty. During the closing years of Lady Martin's life, they lived almost entirely in a very pretty place in Wales, where, some years ago, the Queen paid them a visit. It is in memory of the late Lady Martin that Sir Theodore erects the pulpit in Shakspere's church. Sir Theodore, who lately saw the Queen, declared to his friends that he had never seen her Majesty in better health and spirits than she is now.

An excursion on a colossal scale and of quite a record character occurs on Saturday next, when some 14,000 persons connected with the locomotive department of the Caledonian Railway at Glasgow journey in fourteen specially requisitioned trains to Carlisle. The bigness is not, however, the only feature of this trip. The secretary, Mr. R. J. Patrick, has prepared a souvenir programme, tastefully arranged, and containing all needful information about Carlisle and district, with full details of the various entertainments to take place during the day. The annual dinner in connection with the excursion, the chief feature of the day's proceedings, will be favoured with the presence this year of an exceptionally large number of influential and distinguished guests. The Archbishop of Canterbury has promised to attend, and among others who will be present are the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, the Right Hon. W. C. Gully, Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. A. Graham Murray, Lord Advocate, and the Mayor of Carlisle.

The death of Mr. Arthur Budd in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in what should have been the prime of life, removes from the world of football one of its most interesting figures. He was not only an athlete, but a scholar of considerable attainments, and was as respected by the masters of Clifton and professors of Cambridge as by his companions. His brain was as well-developed as his body, and he studied both law and medicine. Some years ago, he was a very well-known figure on the football-field, and played for England. At Blackheath, too, where all sports flourish, where cricket, football, golf, and tennis are equally well played, Mr. Budd was for some time a leading light of the Rugby team. For him, apparently, the milder Association game had few charms. He was a ready writer upon football, and a devout believer in its value as a developer of the human frame. All who knew him or saw him play in the old days imagined he was destined for a life as long as it was useful, but he had a paralytic stroke, and succumbed suddenly. He will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends and admirers.



SWIMMERS WHO COMPETED FOR THE QUARTER-MILE SALT-WATER CHAMPIONSHIP.
Photo by Bebbington, Manchester.

The latest addition to the famous kennel of bloodhounds owned by Mr. Edwin Brough, of Scarborough, is shown in the photograph reproduced herewith. Another picture represents an older litter. These little animals are interesting from many points of view, not the least of which is their possible monetary value. Time alone will show what a bloodhound pup will be worth. These shown, for instance, may, in some cases, prove to be worth only about seven guineas each; but it is more than probable that the best of them, when fully grown, will be worth from two hundred to three hundred guineas each. The tray of pups therefore—they were three days old when photographed, and blind—may eventually represent a value very nearly running into a thousand pounds sterling.



TRAY OF BLOODHOUND PUPS, THREE DAYS OLD.
Photo by Wood, Scarborough.

or Pauncefot, but that his father, the late Mr. Robert Pauncefote, was born Smith, and assumed the more distinguished name early in the century. It is also stated that the particular Smith from whom Lord Pauncefote is descended was Abel, the eminent banker, who flourished in the last century. Among the descendants of the said Abel, I have, I confess, been unable to find recorded any Robert who assumed the name of Pauncefote. Still, there is no doubt that these particular Smiths had a passion for changing their somewhat common patronymic, and the statement may be correct.

The Abel Smith to whom I have referred had an elder son, George, who was created a baronet in 1757, and his son, also George, assumed in 1778, by sign-manual, the name of Bromley, but why the change was made is not obvious. Sir George Bromley's mother, by the way, was a granddaughter of Prince Rupert. Then one of these same Smiths joined the name of Dorrien to his own, and a Dorrien-Smith rules at Tresco Abbey, in the Scilly Islands; while yet another Smith, Robert John, who was the second Lord Carrington and a great-grandson of the original Abel, took to himself the surname of Carington, in lieu of Smith, in the year 1839; but why he did so, or why, doing so, he dropped one "r" out of the title-name, I have been unable to discover.

The execution which has just taken place of Ologbosheri, the powerful fetish chief, whose "ju-ju" was more potent perhaps than even that of Prempeh, the ex-King of Ashantee, who is now "in durance vile" on the West Coast of Africa, puts the final seal to one of the most melancholy chapters in African colonisation—the Benin massacre of 1897, for which he was mainly responsible. The ex-King himself, who, it was proved, was not immediately implicated in the affair, has been



BLOODHOUNDS AT A MORE DANGEROUS AGE.
Photo by Wood, Scarborough.

dethroned and deported to the coast, where, like Mwanga and Kabarega from the central part of the Continent, he will be detained during the pleasure of her Majesty's Government. Of the remainder, two of the leading chiefs committed suicide when under detention, while the actual perpetrators of the massacre, no doubt, made good their escape at the time, or were killed in the punitive expedition which followed. Mr. R. F. Locke, one of the two survivors, who, after extraordinary vicissitudes in the bush, just managed to reach the Protectorate yacht *Ivy*, though more dead than alive, has long since returned to Africa, where he holds the position of Vice-Consul and Deputy-Commissioner in the Niger Coast Protectorate; but his colleague, Captain Boisragon, who also suffered severely from the hardships which he underwent, as well as from shock at seeing his brother officers butchered with machetes before his eyes, will probably never return to Africa. A memorial has already been erected to Major Copland Crawford, who was a leading member of the mission to the "City of Blood," and similar tributes to the memory of Mr. J. R. Phillips will before long be placed in the English Church at Accra.

Of the late Edmund Routledge, Mr. Clement Scott writes—

We who have known him for so many years have suddenly and sorrowfully lost one who may be truly described as "the man of many friends." In all the battles that have been waged in defence of the drama, in all the struggles during



THE LATE MR. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, HEAD OF THE WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF PUBLISHERS, AND A FERVENT PLAYGOER.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

the last forty years to lift it to its proper niche in company with the sister arts, I have always looked upon Edmund Routledge as the trusted umpire and conscientious referee. Whilst others were fighting, he was calmly looking on; but, more than that, he was helping the combatants with his wise counsel and sympathy. We were all youngsters together in the early 'sixties, and it was something to us that we had in our midst a publisher of influence who favoured and encouraged the earnest work of tyros and novices. It was Edmund Routledge who took by the hand a clever young author who wrote under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Sidney Daryl," and embodied in his first book his recollections of Harrow School. "Sidney Daryl" was Douglas Straight. He it was who also helped on Tom Hood, W. S. Gilbert, Tom Robertson, W. J. Prowse, Harry Leigh, Arthur Sketchley, and a great many more of our set, by printing our essays, our stories, our verses, and our playlets in the *Broadway Magazine*, and publishing our little books. He did not disdain verse, and issued my "Lays and Lyrics"—mostly from *Punch*. To me personally he was particularly genial and encouraging. A little younger than myself, we were both devoted to cricket and boating and play-acting, for in his way he was an excellent amateur actor, and the *personne grata* of many dramatic clubs, one of which has given to the stage Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree—for Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, a Maude Holt, first met her clever husband on the amateur stage—and Hayden Coffin, who made his *début* in the amateur world with, I think, either the Strolling Players or the Philothesprians. Latterly, at Queen Anne's Mansions, he was the neighbour of Mrs. Lynn Lynton and Mrs. Charles Mathews. It was there, alone, poor fellow, with all his old friends and companions far away on their holiday rambles, he suddenly and without pain passed—happily, in his sleep—over "into the sunshine and eternal silence." His last words on earth were very much like those of my other lamented friends, Augustus Harris and Augustin Daly, "Do not disturb me; I want to have a long sleep." The "long sleep" has begun for all of them, and it shall not be disturbed by any of us, save by memories full of tenderness.

A lady correspondent sends me an apple picked from her own orchard, which bears so strong a resemblance to a prominent politician that I have had it photographed, and reproduce the photo here. This is what the lady, to whom my thanks are due, says in her letter—



WHO IS IT?

of Plays, has a sister on the stage. Miss Carr Shaw was one of those who assisted Mr. Albert Chevalier at St. George's Hall. "G. B. S." is himself an expert pianist, and can play all the chief operas without the music.

Miss Carr Shaw played the prima donna in "Dorothy" during Miss Marie Tempest's absence, and she was invited to play the leading part in "Doris," which succeeded that popular opera. Last autumn, Miss Shaw played one of the leading parts in a very pretty comic opera, founded on Mr. Baring-Gould's story of "Red Spider." The composer was Mr. Learmont Drysdale, a young Scotchman, with whom Mr. Bernard Shaw may, by-and-by, write a comic opera. Miss Shaw does not share her brother's enthusiasm for vegetarianism. "G. B. S.'s" friends will be surprised to learn that he was once a ruddy youth. That was when he came to London, twenty-three years ago.

A correspondent in New York writes to me as follows—

Anent the recent revival of "Pinafore" in London, and the reminiscences which it evoked in *The Sketch*, it may be somewhat interesting to your readers to learn something of the further career of Miss Emma Howson, who created the part of Josephine, and played it during the then phenomenally long run of that remarkable operetta.

After the close of the run of the piece, feeling the strain of such long and uninterrupted playing, Miss Howson came to America to rest and visit members of her family. On her return to London, after a year's absence, she made a concert tour of the United Kingdom with Sims Reeves, singing chiefly scenes and arias from Grand Opera, winning the highest encomiums from the Press and the public alike, and invariably making return engagements wherever she appeared.

Returning to America, Miss Howson was at once engaged by Mr. Daniel Frohman for the title rôle in "La Mascotte," the piece having a long and very successful run at the Bijou Theatre in New York, and subsequently going on tour with a répertoire of Light Opera, including "Pinafore," "Patience," "La Mascotte," "Madame Favart," &c., having in the last-named piece the assistance of the late Fred Leslie, who was for many years so dear to the hearts of the theatre-going public.

As a teacher, Miss Howson has been particularly successful, having classes both in New York and Brooklyn, and many of her pupils are prominent as church and concert singers. Indeed, such is Miss Howson's reputation that her pupils, when ready, have no difficulty in finding well-paying positions open to them; and "The Howson finish" has come to be almost a prerequisite to the aspirant for honours on the Comic or Light Opera stage.

Besides those members of the Howson family mentioned in *The Sketch*, Mr. Frank Howson (second) has for many years been the Musical Director at Mr. Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre in New York, and has written the incidental music for Mr. E. H. Sothern's productions at that house.

The injunction granted by Mr. Justice Stirling to Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, in their action against Mr. C. J. Abud respecting "A Pantomime Rehearsal," will be noted with great interest by theatrical managers and playwrights, as well as by those who have occasion to study the wonderful development of the "suburban" or "outlying" or "non-West End" (the last term is perhaps the most accurate) theatrical system. Formerly there were only the London theatres proper, with a few outlying ones, as opposed to the provincial houses, and there was a different scale of fees payable to the holders of rights in plays, according as the house was in the Metropolis or in the country. On an action brought by Mr. W. S. Gilbert concerning "The Mountebanks" some years ago, it was decided judicially that the Grand, Islington, must be regarded purely as a London theatre, although, in theatrical parlance, a provincial tour was, loosely speaking, often said to begin at that house. Mr. Justice Stirling has now set forth the same view with respect to three recently built theatres—those at Fulham, Stoke Newington, and Notting Hill Gate, and hence it follows that theatrical contracts will have to be worded more precisely than before. What with London rights, provincial rights, provincial tours, the newly instituted suburban tours, and the complicated "barring" clauses insisted on by rival houses, the drawers-up of theatrical agreements will have to cease being slipshod or perfunctory in their work. The matter is really one of great moment to managers, authors, and so on, and, indeed, it looms large in the mind of every thoughtful actor with whom I have a talk.

Some months ago—in the spring, I think—I called attention in these columns to the benefit performance given at the Shakspere Theatre, Liverpool, on behalf of that former star of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Madame Georgina Burns, whose husband, Mr. Leslie Crotty, the well-known baritone, has latterly been appearing on the provincial music-hall stage. Unfortunately, I hear it has been found necessary to come again to the aid of Madame Burns, one of whose sisters, Miss Cora Stuart, married T. W. Robertson the younger, and another, Mr. Dark, of Lord's. The forthcoming Burns benefit is being organised by Mr. Charles Manners, of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, and will take place on Sept. 21, during the visit of that company to Mr. Pitt Hardaere's theatre, the Comedy, Manchester. Mr. Charles Manners, his wife Madame Fanny Moody, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Alec Marsh, and Miss Alice Esty, all old Carl Rosa artists, will take part in this matinée, which, I trust, will afford Madame Burns the assistance of which she is in need.

I was interested to note the familiar initial and name of F. Tyars given on the Adelphi programme as those of the scenic artist responsible for Act III., Scene iii.—The Naval Mess at Chatham—of "With Flying Colours." This Mr. F. Tyars is, I understand, a son of Sir Henry Irving's old and loyal comrade at the Lyceum, the deep-voiced Mr. Frank Tyars. Another young scenic artist and actor's son is Mr. Max Cross, now engaged, I believe, at the Surrey Theatre, whose father is that sterling and popular melodramatic player, Mr. Julian Cross. Mr. Fred Storey is, of course, as clever in scene-painting as in stage-dancing, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith knows how to paint as well as how to act. This brief list might easily be extended.

Miss Mariette Hyde, who made such a great "hit" as the Burglar's Wife in "With Flying Colours," has heretofore done much praiseworthy stage-work in the provinces. Miss Hyde is wife of Mr. Robert Forsyth, now playing First Warden at the Adelphi. Mr. Hardie, the bullying Burglar, Convict 900, did well, also, as a welsher in "Sporting Life," wherein Mr. Seymour Hicks collaborated with Mr. Cecil Raleigh.

Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who has just produced his own version of "Don Caesar de Bazan," is one of the authors of a sensational melodrama. His partner was Mr. Ronald MacDonald, a son of the veteran poet and novelist, Dr. George MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald was for some time a master in an English school, and afterwards in Canada. Mr. Saintsbury (formerly in the Bank of England) is a cousin of Professor Saintsbury, and is a clever and versatile actor of considerable experience in London, the provinces, and in South Africa.

Mr. William Haviland, who was formerly a member of the Lyceum company, and is now playing Sydney Carton in "The Only Way" on tour, recently returned from South Africa. He says that the Boers are



MR. AND MRS. "HUMANITY LAWSON" AT HOME.
Photo by Owen Brooks, Leeds. (See "Jew or Gentle?" Photograph on page 201.)

very intelligent playgoers at Pretoria. Two-thirds of the audience were Boers. They like specially the classic drama. Many educated Boers know Shakspere by heart. The booksellers told Mr. Haviland that when he played Shakspelian plays there was a "boom" in Shakspere.

One of my many correspondents in Cape Colony sends me a photograph of Mr. R. J. P. Otto, an engineer engaged in the construction of the Greytown Railway, who was, on June 15, presented with the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal for saving life from drowning. Mr. Otto is the first person in Natal to receive the medal, and naturally the Colony

is very proud of him. It happened that, on Nov. 27 of last year, Mr. Otto saw Mr. Molison (the rescued man) get into difficulties with a boat about two hundred yards above the Albert Falls on the Umgeni River. The river being in heavy flood at the time, and the man becoming nervous, the boat was soon drifting with its occupant to the falls, which are sixty-three feet high. Mr. Otto, seeing the danger, plunged in to the rescue, regardless of almost certain death, and drew the man out from the verge of the falls. *The Sketch* is proud to publish the portrait of so brave a man.

A fascinating lady, an accomplished journalist, and a persuasive electioneering agent (for her husband), Mrs. Fred. Horner should also be an active member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. During the very hot weather, Mrs. Horner protected

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD WHO HAS
LATELY RECEIVED
THE HUMANE SOCIETY'S MEDAL.

Photo by Sherwood, Durban, South Africa

her horses' heads with dainty straw bonnets, such as might, with profit, be generally used when sunstroke happens to be a common occurrence.

I have received an interesting letter from an ardent sportsman in Buenos Ayres, who complains that people in England never hear of their doings in the athletic line. That, of course, is a mistake, but I am sure my readers will be pleased to hear a little more—

Although our English community here [says my correspondent] is distinctly limited, though ever increasing, we are all very keen on sport, and have very fair representatives in cricket, football (Rugby or Association), polo, lawn-tennis, golf, bat-fives, racquets, athletics, &c. We have some players here who have made reputations for themselves in the Old Country. The B.A.F.C. is the oldest football club here, and it is entirely owing to it that to-day Rugby football is in such a flourishing state. At the commencement of this season we started a Rugby Championship, and a subscription of £1 was started to purchase a cup. We soon had a hundred guineas subscribed, and Messrs. Elkington and Sons are now attending to our order, having promised us to send a photograph of the cup to most of the English illustrated papers.

Touching the "black scandal," a correspondent writes—

Are Padewski and Lobengula married or single, and if not, why not? Though the latter is still reported to be at Southampton, I read that at Stockton "Lo Ben was the centre of an admiring crowd," and "was stripped and cantered half-a-mile" in quite another part of the country. In the name of ordinary decency, ought not this to be stopped?—Yours painfully, KRAAL.

An Australian racehorse is called Merry Gorilla, after Miss Marie Corelli. If this idea is followed up, we shall have Racing Notes like: "Sitting crouched on her shoulders, Tod Sloan took Miss Austen for a brisk walk this morning. Rudyard Kipling is said to be 'making a noise' in consequence of his late attack of influenza, but Mark Twain promises to be a stayer. Hall Caine, in consequence of his recent successes, is said to be able to give five pounds all round. He has, consequently, many friends."

Some of the biggest professional men in Australia—Judges, Members of Parliament, not to say Ministers—are said to be old "lags." Probably the luckiest moment in their lives was when they were "put away." An M.H.R., the other day, who alluded to "an honourable member of this House who was in jail for ten years," was asked angrily for an explanation by nearly a dozen other members! Not long ago, two old convicts were tried for a new offence. One nudged the other in the dock, and whispered, "D'ye know the beak, Bill?" "Know 'im? I've chewed 'is ear!"

As regards the worthlessness of the keeping-up of appearances, a correspondent writes to *The Sketch* (instead of to the *D. T.*)—

Take my case. My hair is naturally a brick-red, but I have dyed it black; I have shaved off my beard, wear blue spectacles, and use artificial heighteners in the heels of my boots. What is the result? I have been in trouble, due to a youthful indiscretion, and have, indeed, a ticket-of-leave, but do not avail myself of its privileges, as my name has been mixed up by scandal-mongers with a murderer in the East-End and a cheque irregularity at the Bank of England. But, simply by improving my appearance a little, I have raised myself to the position of churchwarden and director of a cycle company, and take the chair at every meeting on subjects of moment in my locality. I am also a member of a County Council, though travelling incognito at present. I organise all local subscriptions, including a subsidy of £350 a-year for the education of a negro child in Uganda (and make a blazing good thing out of them too). But

for the keeping up of appearances, this source of income would be torn from me, thus throwing my little circle out upon the world, and breaking up a happy Christian home. Shall I abandon self-respect and neglect appearances? Emphatically, sir, no!—Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM DE SYKES.

Although sportsmen are at liberty to shoot wild-fowl, it is an unpleasant fact that there are very few to shoot just now. Of course, they are not due on our coast in any quantity for some time to come, but the few reports to hand tend to show a complete absence of sport in many quarters where at this season of the year a few brace of birds usually surrender to the gunner's skill. Many of the decoy-ponds that are usually in working order by now have been put out of gear by the recent drought, though this is a small matter, for before October wild-fowl is worth very little for the table. Wild-fowl-shooting is nowadays left to adventurers and millionaires—adventurers like the men who follow the birds for miles in a flat-bottomed boat with a swivel-gun, millionaires like Lord Rothschild, who has a wild-fowl preserve in Tring Park so elaborately contrived and so splendidly managed that good sport may be secured at any time in the season. At the side of wild-fowl preserving, pheasant-rearing is work for babies. If a pipe be lighted or food be cooked within half-a-mile of ducks, teal, or widgeon, and the breeze carries the scent down to them, they are up and off. Experts have told me they can scent human beings a long way off; certainly all the men on big decoys or preserves go about with burning peat. That eminent sportsman, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart., is one of the standard writers upon the subject of decoys, and some years ago wrote an admirable book upon it. There is a pretty general opinion among sporting-men that the deadly punt-gun, with its capacity for destroying birds by the score, has ruined wild-fowling, so far as the English coast is concerned. In the North of Scotland the sport stands practically unimpaired.

The antelope has been the crest of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment since the Battle of Saragossa, in 1710, when the regiment greatly distinguished itself, and assisted in capturing thirty standards. On one of these standards was a figure of an antelope.

The Commanding Officer, Colonel Harrison, presented the standard to Queen Anne, and obtained her Majesty's permission for the regiment to wear this badge, in commemoration of the event. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment is at present stationed at Colchester, and occupies huts which were erected about the time of the Crimea. The background shows part of the Officers' Mess. The antelope is a specimen of the well-known black buck, which abounds on the plains of India.

It has been with the battalion for nine years, and is about ten years old. The coat of a buck of this age in the wild state would be of inky blackness; but this one's coat is of a fawn-colour, and resembles that of a doe. The horns measure, without the silver tips, about twenty-one inches, which is a fair length, seeing that the animal has been reared in captivity. The buck always marches at the head of the regiment, held by two band-boys, and gives them at times all they can do to hold it. It has a black coat edged with gold lace, and a white collar, which bear the crest of the regiment.

The smaller of the two boys who are holding the antelope is named Arthur Norrington, and is one of the band-boys. He is sixteen



THIS ANTELOPE IS THE LIVING BADGE OF THE ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

Of the lads, the taller one is a drummer, the other a band-boy.

years of age, and apparently does not intend to grow any taller. The other lad is George Knight, fourteen years of age; he is a drummer. Both of these lads were among the first to volunteer for the anti-typhoid inoculations which have been introduced into the service by Professor Wright, of the Army Medical School at Netley.

Minting, the accomplished trick-rider, who has recently returned from an extended tour in Russia, has just completed an engagement on the East Coast, where thousands have witnessed with bated breath his daring ascent, on *one wheel*, to the top of a narrow spiral track encircling a mast 50 feet high. The picture shows him rapidly descending, after several attempts, in the face of a strong breeze. Several serious accidents have happened to this intrepid rider after one of which he remained totally unconscious for five days. The exertion of mounting is very severe, the greatest difficulty being experienced after rain, when the wet track does not afford sufficient adhesion or grip to a single wheel on such a steep gradient.

Everyone who has ever known anything of the Royal Marine force admires it, and no one is surprised that the Admiralty should be increasing it as quickly as circumstances permit. It is a thoroughly efficient arm of the service, though it has the misfortune to be "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring." Some of the officers and men, about half, are usually serving in her Majesty's ships, and the remainder are ashore, carrying out the duties of soldiers just as though they did not know anything about the Navy. The force is admired by naval and military officers alike, and the fact that it is the cheapest and most efficient force in the country should ensure the good wishes of all taxpayers.

Joey, as the bluejacket calls the Marine, is henceforward to have twopence a day increase of pay while he is serving ashore. This concession is naturally greatly appreciated in the force, though some grumblers urge that the reform does not go far enough, while others point out how long the concession, such as it is, has been in coming. It would certainly not have been surprising if the men had given up all hope, for as long ago as the beginning of last March Mr. Goschen announced that it was intended to increase the pay. Although there has been great delay, the authorities have had the wisdom to somewhat disarm criticism by giving the concession as from the commencement of the current half-year. The increase is effected by charging the men threepence a day less for their rations and groceries and abolishing the allowance of one penny a day known as "beer money." The net result is that the men gain twopence a day, and well they deserve this additional consideration. After all, even under these improved conditions, a man serving ashore has only

tenpence a day for all purposes, and he has many expenses besides the regulation sums paid for messing and clothes.

Everyone in her Majesty's Navy regrets that Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards has been obliged to relinquish his seat as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. He is a born sailor and clever administrator, and during the five years that he has been at Whitehall he has been a power, and a power for good. It is one of the anomalies of the Naval service that while in the Army there is a Commander-in-Chief, there is no such definite position in the Navy. The First Sea Lord is merely a member of a commission which is charged to carry out the duties of the Lord High Admiral of former days. On the first page of the "Navy List" each month the names are given of the Admiralty Board, and it is stated that they are the "Commissioners for Executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," &c. Though Sir Frederick Richards has not been known to the public as Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, the country owes to him a great debt of gratitude for the continuity of policy which has been pursued for several years past, under which the Navy has grown in size and efficiency. In going into private life after a naval career of over half a century, he has the satisfaction of knowing that there is a unanimous agreement that the Navy was never in a better condition than is the case to-day, and that to this condition he has largely contributed.

Sir Frederick Richards is sixty-six years of age this November, and there is reason for hoping that his sunset days will be many. At Whitehall he is succeeded by Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, who for some time has been acting as Second Sea Lord.

One of the most successful yachts at Cowes and elsewhere was Mr. Calverly's *Brynhild*, two photos of which I am able to give here. Amongst other victories, the *Brynhild* carried off a first prize of £40 for a race round the Isle of Wight. The event was arranged for cruiser yachts, under the auspices of the Royal Portsmouth Yacht Club, and was a handicapped affair, the *Brynhild* giving time to all the other competitors. Mr. Calverly's yawl also carried off a second prize of £20 in the race of the Town Cup, subscribed for by the inhabitants of the town of Ryde.



MINTING, THE TRICK RIDER, DESCENDING HIS SPIRAL TRACK ON ONE WHEEL IN THE WEST SPA GARDENS, BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

Photo by Hooton, Bridlington Quay.



MR. CALVERLY IN THE SALOON OF HIS FAMOUS YACHT "BRYNHILD."



THE SKIPPER, GOWES, STEERING THE "BRYNHILD."

ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

A PAGE FROM A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY.

I was nearest to the hedge, and Jill was on my immediate right, carrying her little twenty-eight bore, that does wonders at a thirty yards' range. By the way, she was christened Lilian; this was shortened to Lil, and then, as she and her brother John are inseparable, they became Jack and Jill, and are likely to remain so called. We moved forward in line, and as we did so a startled rabbit dashed down a furrow, presenting an easy shot to Jill or to me. Neither fired; I left it to her, she left it to me, and bunny went home with a whole skin.

Whirr! whirr-r! whirr-r! Bang! bang! bang-bang! The first covey of the season rose up from the path of the rabbit, first two and then six together, in straight, low flight, and Jill, whose gun had followed the rabbit, accounted for a brace. I had to rest content with a miss and a hit. The three birds hit seemed to go to ground like a spent stone from a catapult. The retrievers went to the front with a dash, secured the spoils of war, and promptly returned, too well-bred to chase. Jill did her best not to look overpleased, and partly succeeded. We moved on steadily. An hour and a-half later we had exhausted all the fields it was advisable to shoot before breakfast, and four guns brought in nine brace of the brown birds, all having some claims to plumpness, and one brace landrail, while we left a hare and half-a-dozen rabbits duly "harled" on a hedgerow, whence they could be fetched. The Stoic and the Gunner joined us at breakfast, and rebuked our industry. "The human animal requires rest," remarked the Stoic, who can sleep for ten hours at a stretch and wake sleepy. "It spells no work after lunch," said the Gunner.

"What will Martin say when he learns you have been out all on your own?" continued the Stoic. "Nothing," chimed in Jill; "for I asked him yesterday where we could have a walk before breakfast without spoiling the day, and he said that any of the south-side fields would be right if the wind didn't change."

That settled it, and when Martin arrived to take us in hand and order us as though we had been recruits, he expressed himself contented with the early morning's expedition and its results. We started out a second time, soon after half-past eight, and the serious work began. Martin is an expert; he knows the fields that will harbour the "bards" at all hours of the day, the precise formation in which they must be approached, the exact angle at which the wind will lend most assistance. Clover, lucerne, potato, mangel, swede, turnip, and hay-fields full of their second crop, all have their secrets, and he possesses the key; so while the sun rose higher in the heavens, and we did our best, for fear of his unsparing criticism, covey after covey rose, and left a tribute for the tireless retrievers.

If a covey rose within reach of the Gunner, it was as good as dead, for his first and second barrels usually accounted for the parent birds, and the others fell an easy prey to old Martin's plan of campaign. The constant excitement did not allow anybody to feel tired, nor could attention be relaxed for a minute, since the birds were strong on the wing.

"Shoot all o' they you can," said Martin, after a covey of eight, deprived of its leaders, had gone down the line of fire and been accounted for to the last bird; "in three weeks you'll ha' to drive every one o' they you shoots."

So we persevered through the merciless heat until two o'clock, when, in the shade of a tiny wood, to which we had arrived by a circuitous route, lunch was the most delightful meal that ever man or woman ate. The bag would not have disgraced any modest party of six guns; our respite was well justified, and we were delighted with ourselves.

We were silently busy for a long time, and, strangely enough, none of us seemed to be in a hurry to break up the *al fresco* lunch-party.

Tobacco did not act as a stimulant to exertion, and even Jill, who had shot splendidly and done the most difficult walking without a murmur, sat in the shade and gave no sign. I felt sure that Martin would arrive in a moment and wax politely sarcastic. I looked out across the copse to the sunny fields, and then saw that the Gunner was smoking the pipe of peace, and that the Stoic, who had shot well, was dozing, that the Enthusiast and Jack and Jill were all absurdly quiet; and then—I saw a wood-pigeon alight on an elm-tree top, and thought I would bowl it over, and then—and then—

I awoke with a sudden start and a guilty conscience; old Martin stood before me, leaning on his stick.

"If you'll be shootin' agen," he remarked drily, "it's fair time to go through the clover."

I looked round. Only the Gunner was awake; it was past four o'clock. I believe the boys were awake at the other side of the copse, but they were profoundly quiet.

It was wrong and lazy, if you will, but very pleasant, that siesta after more than six hours' work, and I regret to say that the end of the day was unlike the beginning. The Gunner and the Stoic preserved their reputations; the rest of us justified Martin's comment that our guns went to sleep when we did and had not been roused.

The bag mounted steadily, nevertheless; but when Jill let a hare go at less than twenty yards, because, to quote her own words, "She wasn't sure of killing and wasn't going to wound," we felt it was time to stop.

Tea was only less delicious than lunch, and by seven o'clock we were conventional civilised beings once more, fighting our battles over again, convinced that we had had a glorious "First," and ready to turn in early after dinner, to prepare for a not inglorious "Second."

BRIGHTON.

Brighton was discovered by a doctor. The doctor's name was Russell, and he came from Lewes. But that was a hundred and fifty years ago, and Brighton has forgotten all about the doctor. By this time the doctor has also forgotten all about Brighton, which squares the circle.

In the days of the doctor, Brighton was just a sea and a beach and an oldest inhabitant. After the advent of the doctor, however, the oldest inhabitant departed, but that is a detail. The point of the oldest inhabitant is that one of his numerous progeny (why all oldest inhabitants always have a numerous progeny I can't say) had in the days of his youth with his own beatified eyes beheld "King Jarge."

Now, "King Jarge," as everybody knows, was the Guardian Angel of Brighton. Unlike most angels, but happily for Brighton, King Jarge, in addition to his smile, had unlimited—cash. He smiled, and Brighton arose. He "cashed" (one million sterling), and the Pavilion was. A most useful place, the Pavilion—out of season for the young ladies' seminaries; in the season, for concerts, balls, receptions, and bazaars. The bazaars are a great feature of Brighton. It is well worth the Philosopher's while to pay ten shillings for a buttonhole (which he does not wear), or a sovereign for a cup of tea (which he does not drink), to trace the connecting link between the lovely lady who offers him these articles at a reduction, and the fact that the room in which the transaction takes place once provided stabling for five dozen of "King Jarge's" gees. Those who fail to see the connecting link should pay a sovereign and go study philosophy at Brighton. The amount of philosophy you can study for a sovereign is remarkably cheap at the price, and philosophy is the only thing that is cheap at Brighton.

One of the chief reasons why philosophy is so attracted to Brighton is the "Brighton girl."

Now, the "Brighton girl" is a Unity divided into Three—a collar, a fringe, and a sailor-hat. Some people add a walking-stick, but those people are not in the know.

The collar is always clean; the fringe is never out of curl; and the sailor-hat, let the wind blow never so wildly (and it can blow at Brighton), is never out of place. How the "Brighton girl" manages these things is the one thing which the Philosopher has never been able to discover, though he travels yearly Brightonwards and yearly lays his heart at the feet of the "Brighton girl." That is perhaps the reason why the "Brighton girl" calls the King's Road the "Grand Parade of Hearts."

The Grand Parade of Hearts, afoot, ahorse, awheel, a carriage, a mante, exquisitely dressed, exquisitely groomed, not a care in the world, not a thought in its head, but laughing, smiling, bowing, ogling! Three whole miles of Vanity Fair at London-by-the-Sea!

Vanitas Vanitatum!

In the name of Breezy Brighton, let the Philosopher leave his philosophy and go take his place by the side of the "Brighton girl."

Here she comes, a smiling, radiant creature, full of life, her eyes clear as the sky, her face fresh as the sea—from which she has just emerged? Not at all. At Brighton it is *de rigueur* for Nobody to bathe. This is not an aspersion on Nobody's cleanliness. It is merely an incidental reference to the etiquette of the Brighton sea. That there are bathing-machines and bathing-women has nothing to do with the case. They are simply for the accommodation of the "Three-and-Sixpennies," the floating population of Brighton, who number several thousands a-day, and therefore don't count.

Talking of the "Three-and-Sixpennies," like many other unconsidered things in this wicked world, they have the best of it.

The Cheap Tripper has only one thing to do—the King's Road varied by East Street.

The "Three-and-Sixpenny," on the other hand, has two things to do—to go to the Aquarium or to go to the Devil's Dyke.

In Brighton, as elsewhere, it is a question of the Devil and the deep sea, and between the two lie—shrimps. *Facilis descensus Averni*. You go down to the Aquarium by steps, many steps, easy steps, well-intentioned steps. You go to the Devil's Dyke in a "cherry bang," but whether it be "cherry bang" or whether it be steps, you get there all the same.

In the days of my youth I invariably chose the Devil, to get my fortune told by Mrs. Lee; but of late Mrs. Lee has deserted the Devil, and fortune has deserted me; so now I invariably go to the deep sea.

Let others frequent its elegant corridors, conservatories, and saloons; for me it is enough to sit on a chair and remember that the sea-water is pumped by steam into reservoirs capable of holding 500,000 gallons, while I watch the new octopus taking his eight-armed way up the window of his house. Is he, too, a Philosopher looking for a "Brighton girl"?

Friend Octopus! Could you talk my language, what wonders could you tell me—of fathomless waters, coral reefs, and the songs of mermaids tuning their harps of gold in the Kingdom under the Sea!

Not greater wonders, Friend Octopus, than, could I talk your language, I could tell you—of a sea which turns glass to diamonds, a sun which turns the sea to gold, a wind which turns the despair of the sick man to hope. So many sick! So little hope!

But not at Brighton! Doctor Brighton! Whose prescription always cures. What though, in 1770, the Sage of Fleet Street declared "the place was so desolate that if one had a mind to hang himself in desperation at being compelled to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." That was in 1770. In 1899, no one wants to commit suicide at Brighton. If he did, let him take heart of grace—he would find it just as difficult to discover a tree.



BRIGHTON: THE "BETTER HALF" OF LONDON.

1. The Pavilion. 2. Adelaide Crescent, Hove. 3. The Jubilee Clock Tower. 4. Patcham Church. 5. Hôtel Métropole, from the Pier. 6. The Old Steyne. 7. The West Pier. 8. Aquarium and Electric Railway as seen from the Marine Parade.

From Photographs by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.

"TALMA, THE QUEEN OF COINS."

"Talma" is the latest attraction at the Oxford Music-Hall. Egged on by the success of Mr. Nelson Downs, the "King of Coins," at the Palace Theatre, the managers of the Oxford have done their level best to go one better, and on Aug. 28 their patrons were privileged to witness the first public appearance in England of the marvellous lady palmist whose photos are reproduced here. Her dexterity is unquestionable. Under the control of her small but pliant fingers numbers of silver coins float through the air in tantalising profusion, and—more tantalising still—vanish again into nothing.

But "Talma" is not only a palmist. She has something of the journalist about her as well, as may be seen from the following autobiographical note which the clever lady has very kindly forwarded through Mr. A. Gilmer to *The Sketch*—

"Born in London 1874. First insight into sleight-of-hand in 1890, when I accepted a contract of five years as assistant to the well-known prestidigitateur, M. Servais le Roy. By M. le Roy's advice, I gave my whole time to the manipulation of coins.

"It took me some five years of diligent study, but now everything is absurdly easy; there is nothing which I cannot do in coin-manipulation. To palm thirty half-crowns with one hand is mere child's-play. Indeed, most of my feats have not even been duplicated by men. Probably the most remarkable feature of my entertainment is the size of my hand. I wear a five and a-half glove, about half the size of a man's hand.

"I may add that I am the first woman palmist in the history of magic. I have played in France, Germany, and America, and have frequently appeared in England, though not in my present speciality. Yes, I command a very big salary; but then, you know, I am the only one—the only lady palmist in the world."



MRS. FILLIS, THE CAPE DIANA, STARRING IN "SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA," AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

Photo by Francis Chinn, Brockley, S.E.

This most charming picture of Mrs. Frank Fillis and her black horse, Otello, was taken by Mr. Francis Chinn, the expert animal-photographer, of Brockley. To-day Mrs. Fillis is one of our leading professional and social attractions, for, as well as being so wonderful a rider, she is a bright and attractive woman, interested in all she sees, and, as she has never before performed out of the Colonies, she is the more pleased with her success in the "Savage South Africa" Show.

She is a fair Spaniard, a native of Madrid, where she lived until her eighteenth year. Then she went to South Africa, and, meeting her husband, who had an enormous circus, she became interested in horses, and, at her own request, he taught her to ride. Thus she is a living example disproving the Englishman's saying, that a really good rider must be "born in the saddle," for to-day she is one of the finest of riders and exponents of the *haute école*, though eleven years ago her foot had never been in the stirrup. After riding for only a year, she had perfect confidence, and quickly acquired the higher school.

Her horse is a Russian, bought in Paris for £114; but now his owner considers him beyond all price, for he is one of the most graceful creatures, and a splendid trotter, his speed therein being as fast as another's canter. Though horse and rider have only been seen professionally in the Colonies and at Earl's Court, they have attracted much admiration in Rotten Row, in the Bois de Boulogne, and in the Russian capital. In the last-named city Mr. Fillis's uncle is a prominent figure, being "Professeur d'Equitation en Chef" to the Czar's Court, and considered the finest rider

in the world, though he says his nephew "runs him very close." In more senses than one is Mr. Fillis so good a whip, for almost since he was twelve has he held the reins—riding, training, and presiding over a truly Barnumesque show.



"TALMA, THE QUEEN OF COINS," IN PROFESSIONAL COSTUME.

From Photographs by Marceau, San Francisco.



"TALMA, THE QUEEN OF COINS," IN PRIVATE LIFE.

LILLIPUT REALISED AT THE OLYMPIC.



Franz Ebert. Helen Lindner. Adolf Zink. Herman Ring. Mrs. Ebert. Selma Goerner. Bertha Jaeger. Max Walter. Mrs. Walter.



Franz Ebert. Adolf Zink. Herman Ring. Bertha Jaeger. Mrs. Ebert. Max Walter. Selma Goerner. Ludwig Merkel.



Selma Goerner. Herman Ring. Mrs. Ebert. Max Walter. Bertha Jaeger. Helen Lindner. Adolf Zink. Franz Ebert.
From Photographs by Pach Brothers, New York.

A LION-TAMER AND HIS 'PRENTICES.

Captain Frank Taylor, whose daring performances with the lions and tigers attract so much admiration at Earl's Court (where I am glad to hear the Kaffir Kraal has been closed to women), has had considerable experience in his calling, although he is still young in years. The son of a Kentish farmer, he was born at Ashford in July 1864, and, not unnaturally, drifted to the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate. There, at the early age of thirteen, he started his career as a programme-seller. But, as he preferred the study of monkeys to that of the public, he was

themselves to a cellar. The process of inducing the lions to return to their proper place was fraught with much danger, Walter Stratford, before-mentioned, being badly mauled by the beasts. In 1880, Sanger's entire show was transferred from Margate to Bingley Hall, Birmingham, where the famous lion, Wallace, attacked the coloured trainer, "Alacamosa." He of the curious name was rescued by the keepers while our embryo captain kept the infuriated animal at bay. He made his first mark as an "animal-subduer" at the old theatre, now demolished,



[Photo by Curzon, Robey, and Co., Oxford Street, W.]

THE LION-CUBS AT EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

Captain Taylor with the two lion-cubs born at the Earl's Court Exhibition, May 24, 1899. The dog was the foster-mother.

engaged by Walter Stratford, the head-keeper, at the munificent wage of seven-and-sixpence per week. For two years he did little but menial drudgery. His chance, however, came in 1879, when the importation of wild animals had become so extensive that no less than forty-eight lions were housed in "the Hall" at one time. Sanger engaged a black trainer, one Martin, who took a kindly interest in young Taylor, who was not permitted to enter the "lion's den." One eventful day, when the trainer was out of the way, Taylor entered a cage containing five lions, and was so exhilarated at the result that he begged to be allowed to repeat the experiment from time to time. While with Martin, he played at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, in "Le Tour de Monde," in which a woman is cast into a den of lions. During this engagement, the animals—six in number—broke loose, and betook

in Westminster Bridge Road—the Astley's of old, the Sanger's Amphitheatre of later days. Here Taylor performed with a pack of wolves, and was known as "Alpine Charley." One night, the entire pack got loose and devoured a famous performing horse. The commotion was so great that the elephants stampeded.

His daring and promptitude in catching the wolves, pacifying the maddened elephants, and saving sixteen valuable horses from the wolves, brought him a substantial financial reward, and, what is more, a title, for "Lord" George Sanger presented him with a cheque for one hundred pounds and created him "Captain Frank Taylor, the sunken-eyed, determined man." This was in 1888. Later, when on tour, a massive gilt car was purchased for the purpose of attracting public attention to the show, the intention being to surmount it with a live lioness. The tents



CAPTAIN TAYLOR IN THE TIGERS' CAGE AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURZON, ROBEY, AND CO., OXFORD STREET, W.

were pitched on Wormwood Scrubs, where a great crowd had gathered to witness the first exhibition of the lioness on the car. But it is the unexpected that always happens. The lioness objected to publicity of this sort, and jumped from her high place, scattering the thousands of spectators to the four winds. The lioness was eventually caught by Captain Taylor in an adjacent garden. A year following this event—that is to say, in 1890—Captain Taylor joined Bostock's menagerie as general manager. At Olympia, in 1891, he exploited the noted Baldwin Parachute Monkey. In 1892, he joined John Sanger and Sons, and accomplished the extraordinary feat of breaking-in two full-grown Barbary lions and three lionesses, and performing with them—thoroughly trained—in the space of a month. In July of the year last named, he performed, as a member of the circus company, before the Queen at Windsor. Five years ago he set up in business for himself as a trainer of, and performer with, wolves and boarhounds, but an unfortunate illness occurring to himself, he was forced to part with his stock-in-trade. At the end of 1894 he again joined John Sanger; he left him once more, on his own initiative, and rejoined him in 1896.

In the following year, on the invitation of Mr. Frank E. Fillis, he went to Africa, despite the ominous predictions of danger from the hitherto incorrigible lion, Pasha, who has vanquished seven trainers in the course of his time. Taylor, however, tried his luck, and although the terrible lion had led an indolent life for four years, Taylor tackled him, and so far he has managed to elude accident. In the course of twenty years he has had only one accident, and that occurred recently, when one of the lion-cubs—born at Earl's Court—which he is now training got jealous of his attentions to its mate, and bit him on the calf of his leg. Captain Taylor has trained bears, tigers, bulls, baboons, wolves, hyenas, elephants, and, most curious of all, a wildebeeste—an animal which is but one step removed from a mad bull. He was married on Jan. 31, 1897, at Fillis's Circus, Cape Town, in a cage containing three lions, and on Oct. 15, 1898, his little daughter was baptised in the same cage, with six people also present therein as witnesses of this curious ceremony.

The two little Kaffirgees in the accompanying illustration are under the paternal charge of Captain Taylor. Marni, the younger of the two, was discovered by Captain Taylor playing on the sand at Capetown, and enveloped in a very capacious pair of trousers. He told a pathetic little story of having been brought from Mozambique and cast upon the world. He evidently considered it was quite time to start carving his own way—he is only ten years old now—so he asked for work, at the magnificent rate of a shilling a-month and "scuff." Until he arrived at Earl's Court, Marni used to prefer taking his meals with the dogs and monkeys at Fillis's Circus.

The other little fellow is a bushman from Cape Colony (Middleburg). He is fifteen years old, and an orphan. Marni brought him to Captain Taylor one day at the Cape, but where he found him no one knows. However, the boys are in very good hands, and on Sundays they may be seen in brown velvet suits attending the Kaffir service at Earl's Court. The youngsters are both undergoing strict training as acrobats—they are born equilibrists—and their education is well looked after by the Captain, who schools them himself. By the way, the two little lion-cubs recently born at Earl's Court have already started their training, and the ebony-skinned little Kaffirgees show great aptitude in handling them. Perhaps they may live to do great things in lion-taming—greater things, it may be, than their daring tutor, Frank Taylor.

HOWBURY HALL.

Howbury Hall, the late Mr. Robert Peck's establishment near Bedford, on the road to Great Barford, is a charming place, situated amidst



HOWBURY HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE MR. ROBERT PECK.
Photo by Reid, Bedford.

restful rural scenery, near the meandering Bedfordshire Ouse. The residence itself is practically hidden from view, surrounded as it is by trees, which are just now at their best.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

It is not worth the while of England to fight for the difference between a five and a seven years' term for naturalising certain not always desirable citizens of her own State as burghers of the South African Republic. But, having made the demand, she cannot acquiesce in a flat refusal. Her aim is, and must be, to federate the States of South Africa under her supremacy; and, if one of those States flouts her wishes and treats her subjects as an inferior race, the British hold on South Africa will be grievously weakened, and the shock given to the fair fame of England at Majuba will be repeated with double force.

On the other hand, the aim of the Boers is complete independence, and freedom to domineer over black and white alike in their territory, and what they can add to it. Their leaders have indisputably been intriguing with foreign Powers, importing arms and ammunition enough for three Transvaals, establishing a network of adherents and spies over South Africa. Even now, when the Portuguese, mindful of old friendships, or perhaps of future profit, have stopped a consignment of Mauser cartridges, President Kruger eagerly calls for the release of his stores, alleging that the present difficulties are being peacefully arranged—and *therefore* he wants his ammunition at once! Our own Government, tardily but obviously, has made preparations for sending a very large force to South Africa, Canada and Australia are longing to be in at the death, and all the materials are being accumulated for a very fine blaze.

It is rare in history to find a war or a revolution begun for satisfactory reasons. In fact, it is generally the case that the main questions ostensibly at issue between two States have been settled before the outbreak of war. The rupture takes place over some minor side-issue, or even on account merely of mutual distrust and bad feeling, without any plausible pretext at all. What could be more flimsy than the reason given for the declaration of war in 1870? A Hohenzollern Prince had stood for the Crown of Spain, but, at the justifiable objection of France, withdrew his candidature, and the withdrawal was approved by the King of Prussia. But this was not enough; the French went on to ask that at no future time would King William consent to a renewal of the candidature. He refused. The matter was certainly not considerable enough for either State to fight for; but by common consent, we may say, it was taken as the ground of a quarrel that rested on deeper questions of policy. France had been jockeyed by Prussia, and had been forced to look on, unready, while the military primacy of Europe was seized by another State. That primacy had to be fought for sooner or later; the time and pretext were still to be determined.

It is to be hoped a peaceful solution will still be found to the Transvaal difficulty. The matters in dispute are not so serious, but the distrust between the parties is. President Kruger and his Boers believe that Mr. Chamberlain is merely asking for an inch where he means to take an ell. If the franchise is granted to the Uitlanders, the Boers say, the next thing will be to equalise the constituencies, and give the intruders the majority of votes; then there will be an end to Boer supremacy and Kruger's coffee money, and the country will be British. On the other hand, the Uitlanders say, and say very truly, that President Kruger and his friends cannot be trusted. The rights of which an instalment is now asked were originally secured to British subjects by definite promise; but, by a series of iniquitous laws, the franchise has been snatched away from each batch of Uitlanders just before it could fall to them. When granted, by the recent hurried law, it has been hedged round with irksome conditions which would suffice to exclude anybody hostile to the present oligarchy.

And a fresh proof of bad faith is shown in the treatment of the dynamite monopoly. Here was an admitted grievance and oppression, which could be remedied at once, without surrendering an atom of political supremacy, or impairing the Boer power in any respect. The abolition of the monopoly would have relieved the mining industry and increased the revenue. The reported protests from France and Germany against the abolition seem imaginary, for the German Consul, it appears, did not protest; and whether the Frenchman did or not, it is obvious that the lessening of mining expenses would benefit very many French investors in the gold-mines, and would damage only a very few shareholders in the monopoly.

Here, then, was a test case. The quashing of the monopoly would have pleased all Boers outside the Government ring, it would have taken away a grievance without any surrender of power, and it would have weakened the agitation for the franchise, while adding to the revenue of the State. The monopoly was maintained by a majority of two to one. Could a better—or a worse—proof of bad faith be required? the Uitlanders may ask.

So, to all appearances, sooner or later, it may come to war—perhaps not a serious war, if a sufficiently large force be sent out at once, and if the Boer sympathisers of the Cape be kept well in order. Otherwise, it may be necessary to wipe out small disasters by great severity, and—in the language of the American war-song—to hang Mr. Schreiner on a sour Olive-tree.

MARMITON.



"OH, LISTEN TO THE BAND!"

MISS GRACE PALOTTA IN "THE RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.



[Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS JIM BLAGDEN IN "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS,"
AT THE COURT THEATRE.

A vivid embodiment of a fast sporting man-about-town, the Jim Blagden of Mr. Arthur Bourchier is the most distinctive character creation of this clever comedian, and his bold acting has contributed greatly to the run of over one hundred nights.



[Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MISS NELLA BERGEN, THE HANDSOME ISABELLE IN "EL CAPITAN,"
AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Miss Nella Bergen is the prima donna of the De Wolf Hopper Company, now presenting that amusing musical piece, "El Capitan," at the Lyric Theatre. She has been on the stage four years. Before making her débüt, Miss Bergen's voice was trained for Grand Opera.

AN AUTUMN STAR AT THE LYCEUM.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS KATE IN "THE MANXMAN," PROBABLY TO BE REVIVED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

THE LYCEUM AND ELYSIUM GAINED!



MR. WILSON BARRETT AS PETE IN "THE MANXMAN," PROBABLY TO BE REVIVED.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TALMA, MELBOURNE.

"THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

TWO SOUTHSEA SCENES.

BY CLO GRAVES.

[All Rights Reserved by the Authorress.]

I.

The Palmerston Road, 12.30 a.m., thronged with post-prandial promenaders. Enter languidly the THREE PETTILOE GIRLS, well-known wallflowers, in wearied frocks and prehistoric hats.

THE ELDEST MISS PETTILOE (*poignantly conscious of stylish visitors bearing the cachet of Paris and Bond Street*). How these London and New York women do dress!

THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE. They put on far too much in the morning.

THE THIRD MISS PETTILOE. And not nearly enough at night.

THE ELDEST MISS PETTILOE. If we could afford to wear as little and to pay as much—

THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE. But we can't. How unjust a dispensation of Providence it seems that, the less there is of a frock, the more it costs!

THE THIRD MISS PETTILOE. A whiff of chiffon, one sleeve, and a string of beads spell ruin simply. (*As a flamboyant vision of eternal femininity heaves in sight attended by a military garde d'honneur*) Mrs. Caruell! . . . And with three men! When they are so scarce this season! Isn't it wicked of the Chameleon?

THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE. Captain Cracknell, wasn't it, who christened her the Chameleon?

THE ELDEST MISS PETTILOE. Because she changes her colour in sympathy with the tone of her surroundings? Yes! And in support of the theory . . . *Voyez!* She has turned out with yellow hair this morning and crimson facings. (*To the subject of comment as they meet gushingly.*) We said it was you, even all that way off. . . . You look a positive dream to-day!

[She endeavours with verbal pralines to divert the attention of the CARUELL from the fact that the other Miss PETTILOES are making a dead-set at the two best-looking members of the bodyguard.

THE CARUELL. And you. . . . How capitally that gown suits you! (*With a nasty dig.*) No wonder you never get tired of it! Lord Barisbroke! Mr. Seele! Major Dukes! (*Collecting her men.*) We shall be late for luncheon at Clarence Parade! [She gathers her flock and passes on.

THE ELDEST MISS PETTILOE (*reproached by the others*). I did my best. She tumbled to the dodge. She wasn't born yesterday.

THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE. That one little word "luncheon" spoiled everything. Oh, why are men *all* stomach and no heart!

THE ELDEST MISS PETTILOE. Men who are all heart and no stomach only exist in poems and plays.

THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE. Why can't they be half-and-half? Why should my dearest hopes be drowned in this woman's champagne and crushed beneath her cutlets? Lord Barisbroke had just asked me if I ever strolled with my dogs in the direction of Eastney Barracks between ten and eleven in the morning, and I was just going to answer that I had no dogs to stroll with, but that I thought of sauntering out in that direction to-morrow, when that—

THE THIRD MISS PETTILOE. Octopus!

THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE. When that octopus interfered. But not before Mr. Seele had wrung from me the promise of the third valse at the Naval College Hop to-morrow afternoon.

THE ELDEST MISS PETTILOE. "Wrung" is a good word! Why, I heard you urge him to write your initials on his cuff, with the number of the dance, in case he should forget. . . . And, when he hadn't a pencil, you lent him a stylographic pen!

THE THIRD MISS PETTILOE (*joining in*). If you had no mercy upon him, Florrie, you should have shown some compassion for his linen.

THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE. Ah, you may scoff, but in your hearts you both envy me. When you two are sitting against the wall to-morrow, trying to look as if you liked it, I shall be gyrating in the middle of the well-waxed floor with the best dancer in the "Dandie Dinmonts." Isn't that a thing worth eadging for—isn't it, I say?

THE ELDEST MISS PETTILOE (*reflectively*). Why, yes, dear . . . yes . . . if the man turns up when the number does!

[THE SECOND MISS PETTILOE, who has seldom, if ever, known the man to turn up when the number did, becomes reflective. The Three go home to Shingle Villa and lunch upon sardines in a silence that speaks volumes.

II.

The Pier: 8 p.m. The Band of the "Dandie Dinmonts" discourses sweet "Caralleria"; the stars and the twinkling lights of the shipping are reflected in the quiet grey sea. In the twilight, the sheep and the goats, the spoony and the indifferent, the plain and the comely, the made-up and the unrouged are all of the same colour. CAPTAIN ASMODEUS, the irresistible lady-killer of the "Dandie Dinmonts," and MISS BELLA MANETRE are sitting very close together.

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS (*who is a catch, but has never yet been caught*). Missed you badly last night. Fact, 'pon my word! People said it was a good ball, as balls go; but my impression of it, you know, don't you know, could be summed up in one word.

MISS MANETRE. And that word?

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. Filthy! The floor was filthy!

MISS MANETRE. Really!

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. The band was filthy!

MISS MANETRE. You don't say so?

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. Fact. The supper was filthy too.

MISS MANETRE. Dear me!

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. The men were absolutely filthy; and the women—

MISS MANETRE. The women—?

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. They were too filthy for anything!

MISS MANETRE. Other people enjoyed themselves. You must have been out of sorts.

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS (*whose profile, not his conversation, is his speciality*). I was—filthily.

MISS MANETRE. And all because—

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. Because—

MISS MANETRE (*softly*). Because—somebody wasn't there. Somebody you like!

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. Somebody I like? (*Seizing her hand.*) Oh, Bella; "like" is a filthy word. Say "love"! Say "Crespigny, I love you!"

MISS MANETRE (*very faintly, because she has been engaged only twenty-four times and is very childlike and innocent*). Oh, must I? Do you command me?

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS (*with a sense of mastery*). I do.

MISS MANETRE. Crespigny, I love you. Will that do?

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. Not quite. There's something else. (*He purses up his lips and bends over his victim.*)

MISS MANETRE (*who has been kissed so many times that she has forgotten how it is done*). What?

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS. This. (*A chirrup.*)

MISS MANETRE. That? (*Another chirrup.*) Oh, Crespigny (*coming to business with a rush*), let us, let us go and tell Mamma!

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS (*who has been reckoning without MAMMA*). Oh, but, you know, don't you know, that would be too filthy!

MISS MANETRE. Filthy or not, I must tell Mamma. (*MAMMA bears down upon them in an immense dolman and a bonnet with towering feathers.*) Mamma, darling!

MAMMA (*who scents prey*). My own!

MISS MANETRE. Mamma, Crespigny has asked me to tell him that I love him. And I have done it (*with virgin calmness*).

MAMMA. Bella, can this be true? (*Sternly, to the wretched ASMODEUS, who tries to explain*). Not a word, sir! I will hear my child. What more have you to tell me, Bella?

MISS MANETRE (*holding CAPTAIN ASMODEUS firmly by the coat-sleeve*). Mamma, Crespigny has kissed me.

MAMMA. Kissed you!

MISS MANETRE. And I have kissed him!

MAMMA. Kissed him!

MISS MANETRE (*childishly*). And oh! I want you to kiss him too, for we are to be married!

MAMMA. My boy! my son! (*As CAPTAIN ASMODEUS looks wildly round.*) My Bella's husband that is to be!

[Under cover of the darkness, she folds ASMODEUS in a vast embrace.

CAPTAIN ASMODEUS (*beneath the folds of MAMMA's dolman, in stifled tones*). I'm in for it. How filthy!

[The Band strikes up the "Wedding March" in "Lohengrin."]

CURTAIN.

Frank Ellis.

Bert Sinden.



Margaret Murray.

George Elliston. Florence Collingbourne. Charles Adeson. Ethel Bryant. Tom Fancourt. Gilbert Porteous. Irene Verona.

"THE RUNAWAY GIRL" (NO. 2 COMPANY) ON TOUR.

Mr. George Edwardes, who will be opening the Gaiety Theatre again early this month with that singularly successful piece, "The Runaway Girl," has just sent away two touring companies, both of them very powerfully cast, to cover all the principal cities and towns of the Kingdom between now and January 1900. The tours are under the management of Mr. Cressell and Mr. Stacey, and the discriminate selection of the artists is a sufficient guarantee that provincial critics will have little cause to find fault. Already the country Dramatic Press terms with complimentary notices of the performances. Photograph by permission of E. Marlborough and Co., London.



THE FALL OF JERUSALEM, A SCENE IN THE STARTLING DRAMA OF "JEW OR GENTILE," PRODUCED BY "HUMANITY LAWSON" WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT THE PARAGON MUSIC-HALL.

Mr. "Humanity Lawson" may not, perhaps, claim to be the actual pioneer of the music-hall sketch, but "Humanity" certainly possesses the distinction of having held the variety boards longer than anything else written or acted since the short sketch became a fashion. Mr. Lawson has this year put on "The Shield of David," which runs "Humanity" in popularity very close. But what shall we say of "Jew or Gentile," a thrilling and realistic presentation of the fall of Jerusalem after its long and ghastly siege by Titus? The story is a crystallised chapter of Josephus, and is so very human that it is entralling vast audiences at the Paragon, where it is booked till October. The dramatic power with which Mr. Lawson invests everything he touches shows the intensity of the true artist. At times there is a note resonant of high stage genius. He is ably supported by Miss Leah Barnato, who plays upon the gamut of our highly strung feelings in a way to remind one of the very best exponents of tragedy. There is here and there reminiscence of another Leah, of Mrs. Crowe, who in the early 'sixties, as Miss Bateman, charmed an earlier generation at the Adelphi. Mr. Lawson is a fortunate man in striking another "brite" thus early. "Jew or Gentile" is practically booked up to 1905, but the continued success of his other sketches will prevent Mr. Lawson accepting every engagement offered. This photograph is by Harry C. Ellis, Stamford Street, S.E.

A CHAT WITH MR. CHESTER B. FERNALD, THE ADAPTER OF "THE GHETTO."

When the Chinese play, "The Cat and the Cherub," was produced at the Lyric Theatre about eighteen months ago, its author, Mr. Chester B. Fernald, was not then in England, and so he escaped the penalty



MR. HERMAN HEYERMANS, JUN., AUTHOR OF "THE GHETTO."

incident to the successful playwright of being interviewed by *The Sketch* (writes one of its representatives).

But now that Mr. Fernald has crossed the Atlantic and is at present engaged in the production of his adaptation of Herman Heyermans' Dutch play of "The Ghetto," at the Comedy, and is, moreover, superintending the rehearsals of his new and original play, "The Moonlight Blossom," shortly to be produced under Mr. Forbes-Robertson at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, it is only right that he should submit to the ordeal, especially as it will be a "record" for an American playwright to have two plays running at two West-End theatres within a year of his arrival in this country.

You will not have chatted at any length with Mr. Fernald without perceiving that his dramatic instincts are dominated by a poetic and artistic temperament of singular refinement, engendering in your mind a very sympathetic interest in him and his work, heightened in no small degree by his pleasant voice and unaffected manner. Naturally, conversation turns almost at once to the subject of the play of "The Ghetto," when you find Mr. Fernald is particularly anxious to impress upon you that the English version of the play which he has prepared is in no way a translation, but a very free adaptation of the original work, and that he does not desire to saddle Mr. Heyermans with more than his due share of responsibility.

In confirmation of his statement that "The Ghetto," of the Comedy, is an adaptation, Mr. Fernald shows you a translation of the original play, with all the "cuts," alterations, and additions which he has thought proper to make. You note that whole speeches and much new dialogue have been introduced; "for although," as he remarks, "my admiration of Mr. Heyermans' play, from a Continental standpoint, is unbounded, yet it is, for us, too wordy, and is otherwise unsuited to the taste of an English audience." The original version, he tells you, has been an immense success in Amsterdam and throughout Holland as well as in Belgium; so much so, that arrangements have been made for its appearance in France, Germany, and New York, while it is said that the foreign and American rights of Mr. Fernald's version have also been disposed of. Indeed, as he remarks, "what with this play and two other Jewish plays, 'Zora' and Zangwill's 'The Jew,' we may look forward to quite a Jewish year in the theatrical world." It was quite by an adventitious circumstance that he was invited to make the adaptation, for possibly it might have been put into other hands if he had not been in London in connection with the production of "The Moonlight Blossom."

"Now tell me, please, the story of 'The Ghetto' in brief."

"The Ghetto" is about a young Jew of advanced ideas who marries a Christian maid-servant working in his father's house, and who has to

meet the wrath of his own people in the 'Ghetto,' as well as to incur his parent's withering scorn and unpaternal hatred, which is so violent as to drive the girl into jumping into the canal. The ending of the play is, however, a happy one. The character of the young Jew, Rafael, is typical of the modern Jew, and finds its counterpart in everyday life. He is one who believes in breaking down those barriers which prevent the Jews assimilating with the rest of mankind."

"Was 'The Cat and the Cherub' your first dramatic work, Mr. Fernald?"

"It was, and probably I should not have perpetrated that had I not discovered that some of my published stories under that name was being 'lifted,' when I decided to dramatise my story myself with its proper title. I have always taken a deep interest in the Chinese and their literature. I have a rather intimate acquaintance with Chinatown in San Francisco, with its Chinese population of fully twenty thousand persons, who there live a very contented life, as they generally do when they can get away from the Mandarin, whose exactions and 'squeezings' are the curse of China proper."

"May I ask if you have visited China?"

"Certainly, and Japan as well. Indeed, at one time I proposed residing two years in that country, but I found six months quite enough for my purpose. Indeed, that time was enough to gain all the information and knowledge I was likely to acquire, for there never was a country of more conservative spirit or where the people are more impenetrable. You may study the artistic side of the native character to your heart's content, but you may live a lifetime in the midst of the people without gaining any real insight into their inner life or into the working of their thoughts."

"We may expect, however, I suppose, a true reflection of Japanese life, exteriorly, in 'The Moonlight Blossom'?"

"I hope so, for that is my intention, in so far as is possible within the understanding of an Occidental audience. Hitherto you have had mere burlesque versions of Japan life on the English stage. I shall endeavour to surround my story (which, though Japanese in spirit, is well attuned to European sympathy) with strong local colour and an atmosphere thoroughly characteristic of the country. I call the play a romance, for it will be a poetic love-story, yet with a good deal of the Japanese humour."

"I note that the cast of 'The Moonlight Blossom' was not selected with a view of representing the average stature of the Japanese."

"Would that have been possible with Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the leading parts? No. After all, stature is but a matter of proportion; besides, we can only aim at finding a middle ground where the differences between Japanese and European representations may meet. One great feature will be the characteristic music which Mr. Clifford Page, who wrote the music for 'The Cat and



MR. CHESTER B. FERNALD, ENGLISH ADAPTER OF "THE GHETTO"
(AUTHOR OF "THE CAT AND THE CHERUB").

the Cherub," has built out of original Japanese harmonies, while there will be introduced into the orchestra special Japanese instruments."

Our conversation was here unfortunately interrupted, for Mr. Fernald is a most interesting talker.

PRODUCTION OF "THE GHETTO," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER, WHO PLAYS ROSA.
Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles, Regent's Park, N.W.



MISS HELEN MACBETH, WHO PLAYS REBECCA.
Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.



MR. KYRLE BELLEW, WHO PLAYS RAFAEL.
Photo by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.



MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE, WHO PLAYS THE RABBI HAEZER.
Photo by Martin and Sailnow, Strand.

A SPECIAL "SKETCH" MAN AT TROUVILLE AND DEAUVILLE.

Trouville, the Queen of French Watering-Places, for about a fortnight in the year is the home of all that is richest and most fashionable in French Society, and it is difficult to describe the brilliancy of the annual August season, culminating in the race for the Grand Prix de Deauville, which, as a rule, is contested by some well-known English racchorses. This year it was Mrs. Langtry who sent Merman to do battle for "Old England," but the heavy weight allotted to the winner of the Goodwood Cup was too much for the game Australian.

Although the majority of the visitors to this delightful Normandy *plage* are obviously Parisians, Americans are well to the fore; indeed, does not the legend run that rich Yankees used to hold that Paris and Paradise were synonymous terms? But I fancy London is drawing many Americans from Paris now. Polo, pigeon-shooting, and yachting likewise are responsible for a fair sprinkling of Englishmen at Trouville. The liberal programme of amusements arranged by the authorities makes the day one continuous round of gaiety, and bright blue skies add to the delights of the place.

An instance of the extraordinary hold that automobilism has taken in France is afforded by the countless autocars which go whizzing about Trouville all day long at an extraordinary rate of speed. Accidents frequently seem inevitable, but the great skill displayed in steering them and the powerful brakes with which they are fitted make them as handy and easily managed as a "bike."

Among the English people at the races this year were Lady Augusta Fane, Lady Churston, Lady Bowyer, Sir. John Willoughby, the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor, Lord Charles Conyngham, Captain Stanhope, and Mr. Noel Fenwick. There was a strong contingent of polo-players, including such well-known poloists as the Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks, Lord Villiers,

the Hon. Reginald Ward, Mr. Menzies, Mr. L. McCreery, Mr. W. McCreery, Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Mackey, Mr. Freake, and Captain Egerton Green, of the 12th Lancers, Lord Monson's successor to the management of Hurlingham.

The charming Parisienne spends her day at Trouville in the following way. In the morning, providing the tide serves, she starts with a bathe on the splendid beach, which consists of a simply perfect stretch of fine sand. After the "déjeuner à la fourchette" a siesta is generally taken, and about four o'clock, provided there is no racing, the Promenade des Planches, a narrow street of boards running for about a quarter of a mile along the sands in front of the hotels and villas, most of which are of a very bizarre style of architecture, begins to fill up.

Gay bunting along the front and the striped tents dotted about near the sea add colour to the scene. The elders talk scandal, read the latest yellow-back, or eagerly devour the latest verbatim report of the eternal "Affaire"; while the youngsters, with clothes tucked up, paddle or taste the joys of castle-building in the sand. In the evening there are dinner-parties galore at the Hôtel de Paris (where the cooking is of the best), enlivened by the strains of Boldi's delightful Hungarian orchestra; and, afterwards, are there not the delights of the tables at the Casino? Deauville itself is somewhat disappointing, consisting merely of a number of

private châlets and villas, the Grand Hôtel de Deauville, a small bathing establishment, and last, but not least, the racecourse, with the polo-ground, one of the finest in the world, situated in the centre thereof. The ferry-boat across the river between Deauville and Trouville does a roaring trade at a sou a head.

L. V. L. S.



A QUAIN MERRY-GO-ROUND AT DEAUVILLE.



THE SOU-A-HEAD-FERRY LANDING-PLACE AT TROUVILLE

A SPECIAL "SKETCH" MAN AT TROUVILLE AND DEAUVILLE



"GRAND PRIX" DAY: THE PRETTIEST DRESS ON THE LAWN.



"GRAND PRIX" DAY: LA DAME BLEUE.

N. Robinson, who role Merman.



Lady Bowyer.

Mr. Hullack, of Aldbourne, Wilts.

"GRAND PRIX" DAY: IN THE PADDOCK, DEAUVILLE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FLOWER OF THE AIR.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

They had been little goat-herds together on a Sicilian hillside, Giuseppe and Maddalena. There, where the magic of Theocritus yet lingers, the brown children are as beautiful as Graces among the olive-groves and vineyards. Maddalena, dancing with her ragged skirt held high, and her brown bare feet twinkling in the grass where the cicala sings, might have made a living part of an Idyll. It was always Maddalena who danced, and Beppo who sat on the scorched hillside piping her music, his brown eyes mysterious with dreams.

They were both orphans, and perhaps the loneliness was a link to draw them closer together. For such there was the stick if the goats strayed, or they forgot to be home by sundown. Maddalena had her own share of beatings, yet she would have borne them doubled, trebled, if Beppo could only have gone free, for Beppo was fragile and gentle, and the stick that only enraged her and made her obstinate, had, on the contrary, made Beppo ill for days.

Yet, if Maddalena had not kept her wits about her, they would have been in trouble much oftener than they were. It was Beppo who would forget on the warm hillside the sickness of his last beating, and the chill of his empty stomach, making tunes for Maddalena to dance to, while the goats invaded the vineyards, or the dews and night found them yet far afield.

It was good while the summer lasted, and the children could forget the beatings in the comfort of the sun on their half-clad bodies. But harder when it was winter, sharp and bright, and there were more children, real children of the house, than the house could hold, and Beppo's starvation and nakedness told upon him, so that he coughed and grew hollow-eyed, while Maddalena was only exhilarated by the clear air and the unwinking sunlight.

Maddalena was always the little mother, ready with compassion and comfort for her Beppo, when they wandered apart from the other children, who looked at them askance because they were orphans, and had to bear the blame and the blows.

She was very much stronger than the boy, and their positions were quite reversed, she bearing the heavy burdens and taking the rough roads; he accepting this state of things, as though he were the girl and she the boy. No one but Maddalena knew as the boy himself did the aches and the weariness that made him lean on his friend as a sick child on the bosom of its mother.

But there was neither sickness nor chill in the air the day Antonio came that way.

It was a brilliant day, and the joy of the world had got into Beppo's fluting and Maddalena's dancing. The little, lean, golden-brown girl, in her ragged frock of brown and orange and scarlet, was gay as a hummingbird. Lightly as one she poised and floated and swayed over the burnt grasses, and danced faster and faster as Beppo, with eyes of rapture, made wilder music.

Suddenly the pipe fell from his lips, and the dancer came to earth.

"Brava, bravissima!" from the lips of a stranger had sufficed to break the spell.

The new-comer was a bearded, dark fellow of middle-age, with a wide mouth, and a smile of extreme enjoyment that fell on the children with a suffusing friendliness. He was extravagantly dressed, with a profusion of bright colours and a hat hung with ribbons. The children thought him very fine, and gazed at him open-mouthed.

"I am sorry," he said, making a bow to Maddalena, "to have interrupted the Signorina's delicious performance. See here"—he took from his breeches-pocket a handful of small coins and scattered them—"tis a tribute to beauty and genius; but gold it should be, gold and gems, if Antonio Romano could but follow the promptings of his heart."

He seated himself on the grass by Beppo, with the manner of one coming critically to the theatre.

"Dance now, my beauty," he said; "dance again, and let me delight myself with your grace! And you, Signor First Violin, will you not tune up again?"

By degrees he won the confidence of the shy children, and Maddalena danced for him untiringly, and afterwards went through the acrobatic performances copied from what she had seen at a travelling circus.

"Ah!" he cried, and again "Ah!" with deep breaths of satisfaction. And at last, having applauded vigorously, he begged them to lead him to their mothers in the cottages below.

"Ah!" said Maddalena, "I have no mother, nor has Beppo. None cares for us, except the Mother of God. So we love each other and make pets of the goats."

She started suddenly, and springing up, looked distractedly about the hillside.

"They have wandered again," she cried, "and to-night there will be beatings and no supper for thee, Beppo, and for me. Alas! it is my fault, and it is only last night that she beat thee, and starved thee, *caro*."

She ran to Beppo and caught his head to her breast as might a mother, quite unheeding the presence of the gay stranger who was the cause of their transgression.

But Antonio Romano swore an oath which the Recording Angel might well blot out.

"Per Bacco!" he cried. "Who is she, this monster that beats and starves motherless babes? And thou, Flower of the Air, dost thou also go hungry as well as thy flute-player?"

Maddalena nodded energetically.

A smile broke over the stranger's expressive face.

"Come away, my children," he said, "and let the goats wander home unguided at evening. Come; we have room for both in the great caravan below there. We go to Palermo, where the Signorina shall dance in the Square and the Signor shall pipe to her."

He spread his hands out above their heads.

"Come, little ones," he said; "my good wife shall feed and clothe you. If Papa Antonio is ever harsh or cruel with you, may the little one he gave to Heaven forget him!"

He took a hand of each, and the children, fascinated, went away with him.

Down below the hillside, in the shadow of the woods, the oxen that drew the great yellow-and-scarlet caravans made siesta for the mid-day.

Everywhere about the grass men attired like Antonio had flung themselves to rest. Girls in short skirts and spangles, with flowers in their hair, sat in the shade and chattered like the cicadas, while they stitched at some tawdry finery or played with round-limbed children.

Antonio led his two goat-herds to where, by the door of the biggest caravan, a buxom, kind-faced woman, with long ear-rings, cooked something savoury over a little stove.

"See, my beloved, what I have brought thee," he said. "These are two little orphans, rescued from hunger and the whip, to be thine own instead of the angel we have lost."

"They have no mother?" she asked, already opening her arms.

"Nor father, my beautiful. They are the little children of the good God, and now they are ours."

A little later, the white oxen were once more put in the yoke. The whips cracked, the great caravans lumbered heavily, and Beppo and Maddalena sat snugly within Antonio's wheeled house, lest any should see and recognise them, and held each other's hands, and looked in each other's eyes, full of delight and wonder at their adventure, and fearing nothing so long as they were together.

Antonio was as good as his word. No father and mother could have been more tender to the little waifs than he and Teresita.

There was no hue and cry upon their track. Who cared for them, poor little human crickets, when the goats came home alone at evening? At first, the stick stood ready to the stout peasant hands to punish them when they should come. But presently it was realised that they would not come; and none grieved, since Beppo was a weakling, and Maddalena passionate and obstinate.

The years passed very happily, journeying up and down the strange countries, with Antonio and Teresita and their troupe of mummers. Maddalena brought prosperity of a kind to Antonio. She was no ordinary dancing-girl, no common acrobat. The strength and suppleness which had made Antonio call her "Flower of the Air" retained her the name, and, everywhere the caravans halted, drew crowds to see her dance on the tight-rope and disport herself at giddy heights as secure and graceful as any bird.

But, as the snows and the storms drove the circus into winter quarters, so the snows of age in time fell on Antonio. They had all earned for the day and saved nothing; and the time came when the troupe melted and broke up, and Antonio and Teresita were left all but alone with their children.

It was then that the English impresario saw the performance of the "Flower of the Air," and offered her an engagement at a salary that nigh took their breath away.

Maddalena danced for joy.

"Now it is my turn," she said; "and you will go back to Sicily, little father and mother, and own a little vineyard, and keep a roof for Beppo and me to return to one day."

"Beppo will go with thee, child?" said Antonio. "It is well. Are you not brother and sister? And Teresita and I will be happier knowing he is near thee in the wicked world."

All those years, Beppo, sickly and dreamy, had been little use in the Romano Troupe. Not that he was ever allowed to feel that his Sicilian piping was thin as the cicada's song to those who liked the blare of brazen instruments.

"He brought love for him when he came," said Teresita, to whom the children stood in place of the baby she had lost; and both she and Antonio were proud of the tall, handsome, delicate lad, who had the look of a Signor, and not of a son of peasants.

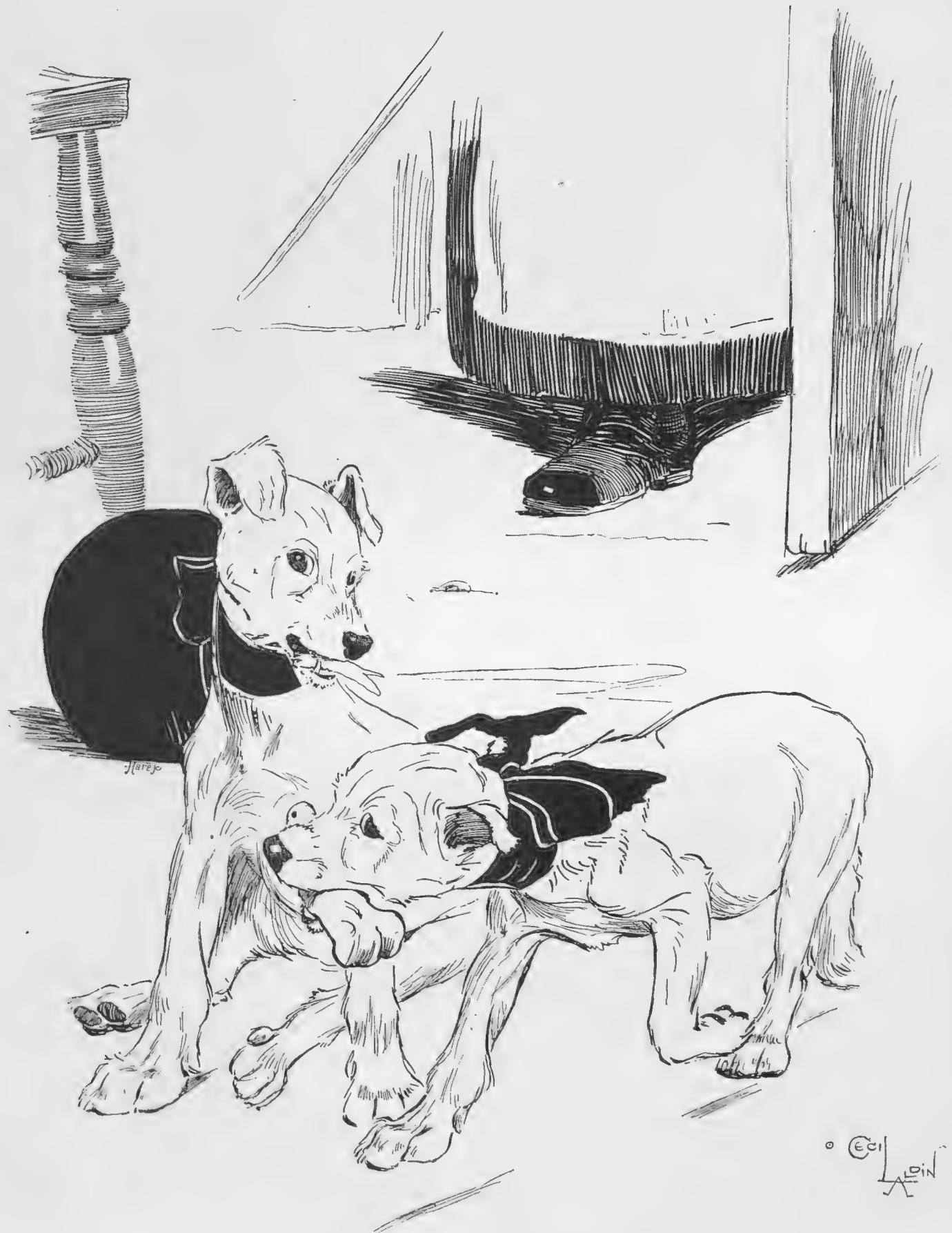
"Why, father and mother mine," said Maddalena, in response to Antonio's speech, "we have a much better plan than that; a much better plan."

She blushed and dimpled all over like a brown pool in sunlight.

"We are to marry, Beppo and I. See you, we have always loved each other. Before you came to love us, we had only each other and the Madonna and the angels. And it is better that I should be Signora than Signorina in the world we go to."

So it was settled, and the little lovers of old became husband and wife and went away with the English impresario, while Antonio and Teresita went sadly back to Sicily and became proprietors, selling the caravans, and turning the white oxen to the plough.

THE FIVE SENSES.



No. IV.—HEARING.

(To be concluded.)

They looked long for the children to come to them, but they did not come, although the fond and faithful letters and the money came regularly.

"A little longer," wrote Maddalena, "and we will come and will stay, and I shall forget that I was the 'Flower of the Air,' and shall be glad to remember that I am only a little withered flower on a Sicilian hillside."

The performance at the Variety drew many of the class which likes to see its fellow-creatures throw dice with death.

The most daring and the most graceful of the performances was that of Signora Romano, the "Flower of the Air," with her dance at a giddy height and her wonderful flight through space.

Two men watched her from a private box as she curtsied to the audience. She was unspeakably brilliant in her doublet of gold tissue and hose of yellow satin.

"What a charming creature!" said one.

"Yes," said the other, and then lifted his hat. "Ave, flor Martyrum!" he added gravely.

"Why, Hilton," said the other, "what words in such a place!"

"I say it every time I see her," said the other. "Look, man, and you will say it too. Don't you see the martyr in her eyes?"

"You are sentimental, Hilton."

"No, it is only that you are dull, Dalyell. One day—she will be less strong than usual, or she will be distracted—the least little wrench during her somersault, and she will break her back. I have come here day after day to see it. She knows that it will happen in all probability. She is prepared for death every time she steps on that stage. It is a race between her and death."

"I hope you are not right, Hilton. If you are, the Legislature should put down such performances."

"It will eventually, when some great awakening of conscience comes to our country-people. Just look at their faces. Those women there have the very expression of the Roman dames when they turned up the thumb. What do you suppose brings them except the chance of seeing yonder little human flower smashed to pieces?"

"And you, Hilton?"

"I come for the same purpose, but for another reason. Do you see the handsome fellow in the wings who gloats over the Signora's beauty?"

"A lover?"

"Yes, and a husband. It is for his sake the child runs a race with death every day. It is for his sake I am here."

"Tell me more."

"The man is dying on his feet. Any great shock would kill him; but, on the other hand, a life of well-being might prolong his indefinitely. This is the Signora's first lucrative engagement. Every time she performs brings her one step nearer to safety for them both. She has promised me that she will take him back to Sicily after her time here terminates. There are a couple of old people there who depend on her also."

"How much you know about her, Hilton!"

"She called me in to see him. He has been spitting blood."

"Does he know her danger?"

"He sees the performance is dangerous, but he is used to it, and he has unbounded confidence in her strength and dexterity. They keep themselves from thinking too much by planning the life in Sicily when her peril is over—all the years are provided for. They do not ask much, poor children! They have all the Italian's frugality. I pray the thing may end well. But now—ah! there she goes, like a golden butterfly."

Silently the two men watched her as she swung from bar to bar, till she was the centre of the patch of golden limelight in the roof. For a while she disported herself there in movements of the most aerial delicacy.

"I like this part," said the doctor; "it is safe enough, and she is, as you say, a charming creature."

"I feel a hound to be here," said Dalyell. "No, I shall not see her leap. It is playing with flesh and blood. And, good God, there are children here as well as women!"

"Watch the husband's face, then," replied the doctor. "He is rapturously in love with her, and yet their happiness is so quiet. They were children together."

Dalyell looked at the man in the wings. Unseen by the rest of the house, he was kissing his hand to the woman in the flies. His slender figure leaned forward a little; his eager eyes were full of light.

It must have been the moment of the leap. Dalyell heard the low sigh of suspense of the people about him. He still watched the husband.

Suddenly—he could not tell how it happened, it was in a flash of time—the man in the wings staggered and lurched forward. He had the impulse to rush to his aid. But there rang through the hall the most terrible cry, and then everyone rose up; there was a hoarse shout, a pressing forward, a swaying, a breaking out of many voices, and the mass of people was rushing confusedly in one direction.

"Come with me," said Hilton. "What I feared has happened. I'm afraid I can hardly do much for her. It is damnable she should have been allowed to kill herself. But that poor lad!"

"I don't think he will know," said Dalyell in a hushed voice, looking towards the huddled-up figure in the wings. "At least, he did not see her fall. Thank God for that!"

The "Flower of the Air" had been carried behind the scenes.

Dr. Hilton hurried there, made a hasty examination.

"Her back is broken," he said; "she will not live very long. She is smashed to pieces."

"Come with me," said Dalyell. "I think they have not found him, but her husband is lying in the wings."

"He saw her fall?"

"No. I am afraid she saw him. It must have been that caused the accident."

"Ah! I saw her poor little face. Then she came . . . crash!"

Beppo was carried to a dressing-room. There was nothing to be done for him. He had died quite suddenly.

"Angina pectoris, no doubt," said Dr. Hilton. "Perhaps, poor lad, he realised suddenly that she was in deadly peril. Perhaps not. Anyhow, he has gone before her."

In the broken little figure of the "Flower of the Air" life stirred. The eyes, that seemed the only things uninjured, opened, and fixed themselves after a minute on Dr. Hilton's face.

"Beppo?" she said, with difficulty. "I saw him fall."

The doctor held something to her lips.

"Be brave, my child. You are dying; but he has gone before you."

"Ah! he need not know. It will be better than Sicily . . . and there are none sick there. The money is for the old people. You will find it . . . Dr. Hilton . . . at my lodgings."

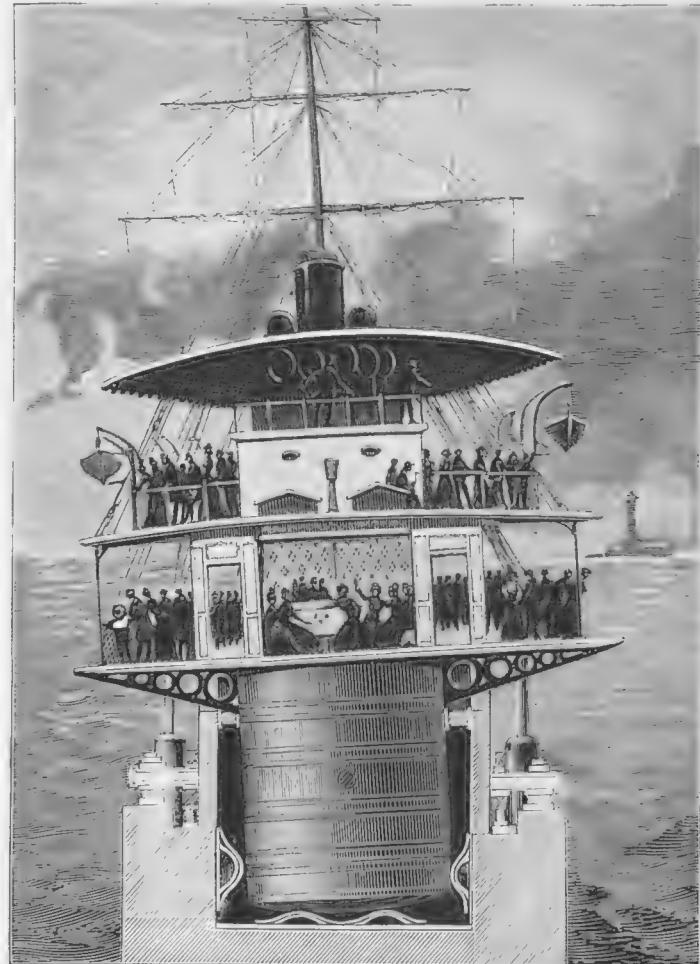
The voice died off in sing-song.

"I am so glad . . ."—she panted again—"that he . . . has gone first. . . . I could not have left . . . him."

"Come, Dalyell," said Dr. Hilton. "We can do no more. She will not speak again."

THE "MAREORAMA"

This picture represents a wonderful new invention, that of the "Mareorama," which is to be one of the chief amusements of the Paris Exhibition. The "Mareorama" is an exact imitation of the deck of an ocean-going steamer, and is placed between two panoramas painted on immense rolls of canvas, which move in the opposite direction from that in which the ship is supposed to be going, thus creating the impression that it is the vessel which is moving. The ship rests on a perpendicular axle, and is fitted with oscillating gear so constructed as to produce the



THE "MAREORAMA."

precise "rolling" motion experienced on board ship. The painted sea all round, the smoke proceeding from the funnels, the shaking of the deck by the vibration of the machinery, the captain and his crew seemingly busily engaged—all tend to heighten the illusion. We are even promised that a strong sea-breeze will blow over the deck! The panorama will represent, first of all, the harbour of Marseilles, which the vessel will appear to be leaving, passing Frioul, the Château d'If, and gaining the high seas. "Steward!"



OLD WOMAN: Butcher, what do th' Parson mane by drawin' yer own h'inferences?
BUTCHER: Dunno for sure, but I thinks 'tis summat to do wi' pigs' innards!

NAVAL NOTES.

These are days of many changes in the Navy. At the very top of the Service, at Whitehall itself, there has lately been such a succession of changes as to be quite confusing. The real cause of the commotion has been the appointment of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford to the command of the North American Squadron, thus vacating a seat at the Admiralty Board, and the retirement of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards from the position of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. Under the rules of the service, this distinguished officer should have retired from the Navy last November, on reaching the age of sixty-five; but, by a special Order in Council, he was promoted to be an Admiral of the Fleet, and, owing to the condition of European polities, it was arranged that he should remain at Whitehall for a few months longer.

Everyone in the Navy will regret the withdrawal from active participation in the affairs of the country of an officer who has done so much as Admiral Sir F. Richards has to earn the lasting gratitude of all classes of the community. He has been a veritable pillar of the State, and in some measure we owe the present satisfactory condition of the Navy to the influence which Sir Frederick Richards has exerted during the years that he has been the chief adviser of successive First Lords of the Admiralty. Governments have changed in the present decade, but there has been little or no change in the naval policy of the country, a pleasing contrast to the state of affairs in France. It is the misfortune of the Navy to have no such head as the Army possesses in its Commander-in-Chief, and consequently Sir Frederick Richards, who has been the nearest approach to a Commander-in-Chief that the Navy has ever had, has retired from his important office without any popular recognition of the services which he has rendered both ashore and afloat. For fifty-one years he has served his Queen under the White Ensign, and now he has severed his long active connection with the Service with little more public notice than there was, fifty-one years ago, when, as a lad of fourteen years, he first joined the Navy. As had been generally anticipated, the new First Lord is Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, whose colleagues are Rear-Admiral A. L. Douglas and Rear-Admiral A. W. Moore, the last-named acting as Controller of the Navy.

The Naval training service is growing at an amazing pace. Owing to the increasing demands for more men to man the great number of ships which are being turned out by the Government and private shipyards, the Admiralty are expanding the system by which lads are trained. There are over six thousand boys on the training-ships distributed round the English, Irish, and Scotch coasts, and it is no slight task to supervise, in a sort of superior way, all these youngsters. Consequently, the Admiralty have decided to appoint an assistant to the much-worried Inspecting Captain of Training-Ships, and Captain Thomas H. M. Jerram has been selected for the position. He has many qualifications for so responsible a post, not least among which must be counted the fact that he has had several years' experience of the service. For over two years he was in command of the sea-going training-ship *Cuaya*, from which he was taken a few months ago on being promoted for his good services. He is consequently one of the junior Captains, and will, no doubt, be able to render Captain Arthur C. Bromley valuable assistance in the discharge of the duties of Inspecting Captain of Training-Ships. Captain Jerram will be in command of the training-ship *Boscawen*, the biggest of the training-ships stationed at Portland, that Naval port of the future on which the Admiralty are quietly spending large sums of money.

When the *Powerful* reaches England, her commanding officer, Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, will at once proceed to Malta to take up the newly created position of Chief Staff-Officer to the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron. This officer, Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher, has persuaded the Admiralty to make an important change, whereby the command of the flagship will be a distinct appointment from that of the Chief Staff-Officer. Formerly the two appointments were merged in one. Now, while Captain Lambton will act as the Chief of the Admiral's Staff, Captain P. F. Tillard will command the flagship *Renown*.

It has often been a subject of reproach that naval officers are such poor linguists that the majority of them know no language besides their own. The real explanation of this probably is that the official allowance to officers who are competent to act as interpreters is too small to tempt any considerable number to devote themselves to the study of any foreign languages. Recently the Admiralty has given the matter more attention than hitherto, and now a Professor has been engaged to teach the midshipmen in the battleships of the Channel Squadron the French language. The Squadron is at present at Portland, and is likely to remain there for some time, and this Professor will visit the battleships daily to put the midshipmen through their paces. It is to be hoped that this plan, which has proved fairly successful in connection with some of the foreign squadrons, will be equally satisfactory in the Channel Fleet.

The Sultan of Turkey has placed a large piece of ground at the disposal of the officers and men of the ships of the British Navy which do duty in the Bosphorus. It is situated near the village of Beicos, and was the scene the other day of a most successful athletic meeting, which was attended by the British Ambassador, a large number of foreign diplomatists, all the chief residents of Constantinople, and the officers of the foreign vessels in port. It was a most cosmopolitan gathering, and its picturesqueness was heightened by the uniforms of a large force of Turkish police who kept the ground. There were no less than sixteen

events, some of which created great amusement. Probably the most successful race was a rather novel one, for ladies and officers. Each officer was provided with a needle and thread and had to run a matter of eighty yards to where his fair partner was anxiously waiting for him. The two then had to set to work, the lady to add up a column of figures and the officer to thread his needle. Of course, as a rule, the lady completed her task first, and the spectators enjoyed the impatience with which she watched the clumsy efforts of her partner to thread his needle. Both tasks finished, the lady had to run her fastest a distance of forty yards to the winning-post, carrying with her, of course, the threaded needle and the sum. Miss Woods, the daughter of Woods Pasha, of the Turkish Navy, an ex-British officer, won the race, with the assistance of Mr. G. A. Koe, the Paymaster of H.M.S. *Melita*.

Rear-Admiral Swinton Holland, just appointed to be Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, has already served as Captain in that Yard—that, indeed, being his appointment before he went to his last billet at Hong-Kong. Admiral Holland has a great reputation for "energy" in the Service, as most officers who served with him soon found out. Admiral Holland, as a Captain, used to prefer to be his own chaplain. A relative of his, the Hon. Lionel Holland, M.P., was at one time Editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, which is rapidly rising in circulation under the guidance of Mr. Bruce Ingram. The September number is notably bright and interesting—a pleasant magazine for the railway traveller and arm-chair reader alike.

A MAGNIFICENT STEAMER.

La Marguerite, popularly called "Magnificent," has a just claim to the appellation, for she is far and away the finest pleasure steamer afloat. Her size may be gathered from the fact that she is licensed to



"LA MARGUERITE," PLYING FROM TILBURY TO OSTEND AND BOULOGNE.
Photo by "Le Bon Ostende," 10, Rue de Flandre, Ostend.

carry 3485 passengers on the river, but, as she starts her voyages from Tilbury, her full carrying capacity is never completely tested. She is allowed to take over two thousand passengers to sea, and she frequently takes her full complement to Margate, Ostend, and Boulogne. The lovers of statistics may like to know that the "magnificent *Marguerite*" is worth £85,000. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 330 ft.; length over all, 341 ft. 6 in.; extreme breadth, 73 ft.; depth moulded (to upper deck), 21 ft. 6 in.; draught on service, 9 to 10 ft.; gross tonnage, 2204; and indicated horse-power, 7500. She has two funnels and two masts, the hull is entirely steel, and the Board of Trade readily gave its approval to what are technically known as the "structural scantlings." She was built, in 1894, by the famous Fairfield Shipping Company, whose reputation alone is a guarantee of safety.

La Marguerite gave thorough proof, if proof were needed, a few weeks ago, when she was temporarily disabled through striking some sunken wreckage, which injured one of her paddle-wheels. Her engineers made the necessary repairs on board, and, after a night at sea, the good ship, refusing all offers of assistance, came up to Tilbury under her own steam. She runs from the latter place to Margate, 49 miles, in two hours and twenty minutes; from Margate to Ostend, 71½ miles, in three hours and a-quarter; and from Margate to Boulogne, 53 miles, in two hours and a-half. Nervous people may be glad to learn that *La Marguerite* is divided into eleven water-tight compartments, with two beneficial results—the bulkheads thus introduced render the vessel practically unsinkable, and they strengthen the general structure very materially by acting as supports between the decks and framework. But the average voyageur by this splendid ship has no qualms of conscience on the score of safety, and he finds delight in promenading the spacious decks—a fine upper deck is one of the great features of *La Marguerite*—or in resting either on deck or in one of the spacious and elegant saloons. The catering on *La Marguerite*, as on the other New Palace steamers, is excellent in every respect.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"The Little Strand"—a theatre which some of us remember in the late 'forties and the early 'fifties as "Punch's Playhouse"—has ever since those days been so much associated with flashes of merriment that were wont to set the audience in a roar that it is difficult to imagine a play of any serious import at that house. Yet such a piece, happily tempered with tinges of light and low comedy, has just been vouchsafed there by the Brothers Broadhurst. The play in question is by the Broadhurst brother whose initials are "G. H."—a Broadhurst who has hitherto given us at the Strand such wildly farcical mixtures as "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home." Like these plays, Mr. Broadhurst's newest work—a four-act comedy entitled "The Last Chapter"—was first tried in America, of which country, be it noted, Mr. Broadhurst is not a native, although he was "raised" there. Just five years ago he "thought he could write a play." The result was "The Spectator," which was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, with Thomas Q. Seabrooke in the principal part, and, after a good run there, was played for two seasons on the road. Next came "The Wrong Mr. Wright," produced by Roland Reed at the Bijou Theatre, New York, and used by him continuously for the past three seasons. "What Happened to Jones" followed, and in this venture, which was his own, he was joined by his brother Thomas, who had previously been in business in Chicago. Then came "Why Smith Left Home" and "The Last Chapter," which sees the brothers firmly established among the most successful managers of the day. "The Last Chapter" partakes to some extent of the method that was wont to be adopted in "domestic" comedy by Henry J. Byron,

"The Last Chapter," which title is fully explained in certain "notes" on the programmes and placards concerned, has certain points that should commend themselves to domestically minded playgoers, and, notwithstanding all that the aesthetic may say to the contrary, these less faddish folk are the most persistent, and certainly the most paying, supporters of our playhouses. Moreover, "The Last Chapter" has the advantage of being interpreted by a very strong company—all English this time. These include Mr. Ben Webster, Miss May Whitty, Mr. Philip Cunningham, Miss Jessie Bateman, Miss Edith Stuart, Mr. John Beauchamp, Miss Jessie Ferrar, Mr. Harold Eden, Mr. T. A. Wise, Mr. Arnold Lucy, and Miss Emma Gwynne, who is sister to Mrs. George Edwardes, who was before her marriage so popular at the Savoy and elsewhere as Miss Julia Gwynne.

Miss May Whitty, who plays a delightful and sympathetic rôle in "The Last Chapter," is already a favourite with Londoners. Both by birth and education Miss Whitty is a Liverpudlian, her father having been Chief Constable in that city for many years, as well as founder and Editor of the *Daily Post*. She made her professional débüt some fourteen years ago at the Court Theatre in her native town, and, after serving a hard and useful provincial apprenticeship, she came to London to the Comedy Theatre. Miss Whitty is, in private life, Mrs. Ben Webster.

Mr. Thomas A. Wise, who has just crossed the Atlantic to play in and produce "The Last Chapter," is really an Englishman, born at Faversham in 1865. This is Mr. Wise's first visit to England since he left as a boy, and he is delighted to be in the Old Country, though he does admit that he would find existence more to his liking "if there were

more ice around." He married Miss Gertrude Whitty, a sister to the clever actress Miss May Whitty, and she was to have played



MISS MAY WHITTY IN "THE LAST CHAPTER," AT THE STRAND.

Photo by Faetu, Chicago.



MR. THOMAS A. WISE, LEADING MAN IN "THE LAST CHAPTER."

Photo by the Prince Studio, New York.

and the dramatist to whom Byron generously gave up his place with the Bancrofts at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, namely, T. W. Robertson.



MR. GEORGE H. BROADHURST, AUTHOR OF "THE LAST CHAPTER."

Photo by Boyce, Washington, D.C.

her original part in the Strand production, but was recalled by Mr. Frohman for his new farce.

Since the two new productions at the Strand and the Métropole

respectively last Monday, there has been quite a lull in events calling for the attention of critics, always excepting those of the music-hall persuasion. These last had quite a congenial task last night (Tuesday) in helping to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the present management of the Tivoli, when many an additional "star" scintillated.

The next important first-night of the week is that at the Comedy to-morrow (Thursday), when Messrs. Levenston and Laurillard will (for selves and syndicate) submit that long-announced play, "The Ghetto," as adapted by Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald (author of "The Cat and the Cherub") from the sometime renowned Dutch play by Mynheer Heyermans. *The Sketch* on page 302 publishes many details touching "The Ghetto." It is, perhaps, now enough to say that all Yiddish London is eagerly booking seats for the first and following nights of "The Ghetto." Indeed, it seems likely that to-morrow (Thursday) night all the bookable places will be occupied by sons and daughters of Israel.

Last Saturday, as already stated, there were two West-End theatre reopenings, namely, the Lyceum, where Mr. Wilson Barrett started his newest London season with his old-established success, "The Silver King," and the Duke of York's, where the ubiquitous Mr. Charles Frohman resumed the performances of Mrs. Madeline Lucette Riley's delightful comedy, "An American Citizen," with the droll Mr. Nat Goodwin and his accomplished wife, the beautiful Miss Maxine Elliott, in the principal characters. "An American Citizen" will, it is conjectured, hold possession of the Duke of York's until Mr. Hall Caine's very own dramatisation of his very own novel, "The Christian," is due there, on or about Oct. 16, after a week's trial-trip in the provinces. During the recess, Mr. Frohman has had the Duke of York's Theatre thoroughly re-decorated.

Two other reopenings are due in West-End theatrical quarters next Saturday. These are, respectively, the Gaiety, with "A Runaway Girl," and the Vaudeville, whereat the Messrs. Gatti have arranged (so far) to produce an adaptation of a certain popular German comedy. The adaptation is by Messrs. George R. Sims and Leonard Merrick, who appear to have taken incalculable pains (not to mention penalties) to render this funny German play into a popular English form. Indeed, owing to certain points not being appreciated by them at rehearsal, the adapters have furnished forth more than one complete "script." The adapters, apart from having been much disturbed by the Vaudeville's new re-decorators, rebuilders, and upholsterers, have also been considerably perplexed as to the selection of a title. Three names have, up to the time of writing, occurred to the adapters, namely, "The Elixir of Youth," "His Second Youth," and "A Gay Dog." As *The Sketch* was going to press, it was said that the first-named title had been chosen, after all.

"Beware the Awful Avalanche!" would seem the "Excelsior"-like description which one might give in connection with the next new drama at Old Drury. Anyhow, when this drama of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's is produced by Mr. Arthur Collins, between Sept. 14 and 16, playgoers may expect to see sundry villains and other fearful wildfowl smothered by this avalanche. This, with other and somewhat less fearsome episodes, will form the chief points of the Drury Lane play, for which many titles have been deeply considered. "The Wheel of Life," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Gamblers," not to mention other more or less melodramatic names, have been suggested. The last title chosen at the moment of writing is "Hearts are Trumps." This name, however, is pretty sure to be abandoned, either because some playwright will claim it or because it is really a most unlikely name for a Drury Lane drama.

Immediately after the production of the Drury Lane drama, London playgoers may expect to see such important affairs as Mr. Tree's revival of "King John," at Her Majesty's, on Sept. 20; Mr. Forbes-Robertson's production of Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald's new Japanese play, "The Moonlight Blossom" (with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine), at the Prince of Wales's, on the 21st; and the new Chinese opera, "San Toy" (written by Mr. Edward A. Morton, and set to music by Mr. Sidney Jones), at Daly's about the same time.

In addition to all the above, preparations are afoot for the production of "In Gay Piccadilly," written by Mr. George R. Sims and composed by Mr. Clarence Corri for Mr. Milton Bode's next new "star," Dan Leno, and "Richard III."—by Shakspere, not Cibber—to be revived on an extensive (and expensive) scale at the Kennington Theatre by Mr. Murray Carson. Mr. Carson will, in due course, present there a new poetic drama, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, on the theme of the late-lamented King Arthur's leading Knight, Lancelot, whose honour, it will be remembered, rooted in dishonour stood, and whose faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

The "white man's burden" bids fair to be a somewhat expensive one, yet "Uncle Sam" will, no doubt, "foot the bill" with little inconvenience to himself. It seems a pity to make a victory like that of Manila such an obviously commercial transaction, but it lies with Admiral Dewey to make the best case he can for his officers and men in the distribution of prize-money. If he can prove, as it seems he can, that the number of the enemy was superior to that of his force, the prize-money will amount to just double what it would be in other circumstances. His claim is for 325,144 dols. 89 cents! This is supplemented by another 425,000 dollars, the estimated value of the three Spanish cruisers sunk and subsequently raised; so that his little force of eighteen hundred men expect to have some £150,000 divided among them for singeing the Spaniard's beard.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The editors of the "Modern Plays" series (Duckworth), aiming as they do at presenting to English readers specimens of the higher dramatic literature of various European countries in recent years, cannot be expected to offer us very cheerful reading. Light-heartedness is not the note of any serious playwright to-day above the rank of Mr. Pinero, who also has his gloomy fits as well as the least popular and the most ambitious of his fellow-dramatists. But, for sheer hopelessness, for determined woe, it would be hard to outdo the last volume of the series, Strindberg's "The Father." If a reader is to keep his patience or his sanity in front of it, he must laugh a little, and there are opportunities such as are always presented so generously by writers with a lack of humour. All the personages in the play are deadly serious.

An honest laugh would relieve the situation a hundred times, and perhaps prevent the catastrophe. But no one laughs. How one grows to loathe the gloomy North, with its bitter winds, its gloomy imaginings, its distrust of joy, in face of a book like this. Sunshine and laughter, and the thing would be impossible. Half a century ago, and it would have been impossible even in Sweden. I wonder if we have really grown more profound. In old days, the hero of the play would have been the hen-pecked husband, the general laughing-stock. The wife would have been the shrew, to be tamed or not according to the latent force of her lord. There would have been much laughter, a great many jokes not over-refined, but possibly no lack of wisdom. The might of the stronger would have been recognised, with cheerful resignation, as in the natural order of things. We are not resigned to anything now. We question everything, and so are forgetting how to laugh. The hen-pecked husband in this play—he has no name; he is always called The Captain—has been subject to women all his life. Towards the end, and much too late, the worm turns, and is crushed. One gathers that he has liked all the care and cosseting he has received till he finds that it has made him an object of contempt, and that it has hidden all kinds of plots against his liberty. When he makes the discovery, his temper turns very nasty, and he makes very sweeping remarks against womankind in general. For sheer savagery, it would be hard to rival this speech: "Have you heard how I answered an English lady when she complained of an Irishman who used to throw lighted lamps in his wife's face? 'God, what women!' I cried. 'Women?' she lisped. 'Yes, of course,' I answered." And the spirited action of the Irishman is not only admired, but imitated. He throws a lighted lamp in his own wife's face—and then, a little later, recalls the days of their courting, and dies with the praise of women on his lips. In short, he is the typically feeble man, for whom the world, good or bad, is always too strong, made to be bullied, and to resent tyranny with bitterness.

But that is not Strindberg's tragedy at all. His tragedy is that the Captain is balked of his ambition to be a worthy father, guide, philosopher, and friend to his own daughter. Had the play shown him defeated simply because his nature was not forcible enough to impress itself on the child, while the mother's director mind and firmer will had their way with ease, the tragedy would have touched us more. But Strindberg has thought it necessary, and he has enjoyed the task, to make the wife a fiend incarnate, a fool, a liar, a fanatic, a vile schemer—a woman, in short, who could hardly be brought to reason by any argument short of a lighted lamp thrown at her head, and who by that argument is rendered diabolical, but a woman who knows her mind and never fails to get her way. When her worm of a husband turns and claims independence of action and a say in his daughter's upbringing, she is full of resource. She has him proved mad, so that she shall have control over his money, and then casts wanton doubts on his paternity, to take away the last ground from under his feet in the way of authority. Here Strindberg begins his tragedy—quite in the wrong place. The woman is not serious in denying his fatherhood, and he knows she is not serious; but the suggestion shakes the ground beneath him. He discovers suddenly that a man has no standing-room in a world full of designing, greedy women, who steal his children from him. "A man has no children; it is only women who have children, and, therefore, the future is theirs when we die childless." The whole man comes out in his last, dying tirade—

Give me my uniform coat! Throw it over me. Ah, my rough lion-skin that you wanted to take away from me. Omphale! Omphale! Thou cunning woman who wast the lover of peace and the deviser of disarmaments. Wake, Hercules, before they take thy club from thee! You will wile our armour off us too, and make believe that it is tinsel. No, it was iron, do you hear, before it became tinsel. In olden days the smith made the cuirass, now it is the needlewoman. Omphale! Omphale! rude strength has fallen before treacherous weakness. Out on you, infernal woman, and damnation on your sex! (He raises himself to spit at her, but falls back on to the sofa.) What sort of a pillow have you given me, Margaret? It is so hard, and so cold, so cold! Come and sit here by me on the chair. There now! May I lay my head on your lap? Ah, that is warm! Bend over me so that I can feel your breast! Oh, it is sweet to sleep on a woman's breast, a mother's or a mistress's, but the mother's is the best.

So that a play that begins—and continues too long—with ill-tempered caprice, that is marked by flaming absurdities, that is full of black, sour humours, ends almost greatly. The broken-hearted man who is robbed of his child touches us profoundly. Yet, I repeat, the tragedy is not there. The play should not have been called "The Father." It is only the common tragedy of the weakling made of fine material, trampled by the coarser creature armed with power: so common a tragedy that the lighter-hearted dramatists of another generation turned it into comedy—often, indeed, into farce.

A. M.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 6, 7.35; Thursday, 7.32; Friday, 7.30; Saturday, 7.28; Sunday, 7.26; Monday, 7.24; Tuesday, 7.22.

Some day, when time affords, I intend to write a book on "The Terrible Results of Cycling as Set Forth by the Medical Faculty." There are such diseases as the "cyclist's kidney," whatever that may be, and the "cyclist's eye" and "cyclist's heart" and "cyclist's knee" and "cyclist's back"! To read in professional journals about the fell physical disasters that overtake wheel-folks makes one feel as depressed and certain one has all the ailments that humanity is heir to as after reading a patent-medicine advertisement. The *Lancet* has for years been demonstrating that you are really much safer in a railway collision than astride a bicycle. Recently it has been making an onslaught on Bicycle Gymkhana; they are dangerous to life and limb. Of course, if you assume that at gymkhana the competitors are sure to collide, that they will tumble and receive internal injury, and that, in any case, they are certain to over-exert themselves, the argument is proved. But, if that premise were admitted, it should be applied to every sport. It is just as bad to foot-race as to bicycle-race, if you have a weak heart. Boating should be prohibited, because another boat may run into yours and your fate be drowning. The Four-in-Hand Club should be abolished by law, because, if the horses run away, it is possible you will have a broken neck. Then as to cricket, what is so bad as a bang in the eye with a cricket-ball? And football; why, isn't the football-field strewn with broken collar-bones? So we may go on. Of course, gymkhana are bad and cycling is bad if carried to excess, and the same may be said of every sport on earth. The argument cannot be carried any further than that

I have used the word "gymkhana" because it is the customary word nowadays. But why gymkhana? Why not the good, serviceable, old-English word "sports"? To use the word "gymkhana" as it is being used at the present day is largely to misapply it. Besides, it is affectation, and affectation is silliness. Very few folks really know what the word means. There is a smack of the unusual about it, and no doubt there are foolish folks who think that by calling a thing by a foreign name they give the thing itself an importance in the eyes of the vulgar. But it would be just as sensible for me to dub my hat a *topi*, a cab-driver a *gharri-wallah*, to call my cup of tea and toast in the morning *chotahazra*, and always talk of my lunch as *tiffin*. These would be accurate; but in England, where the English language should be spoken, to use them would be a parading affectation. To call sports, then, a gymkhana is exactly in the same category. I hope that sensible clubs will drop the word, and try the English language as a change.

On Thursday, the 24th ult., the fourth annual West London Cycling Carnival was held at Hammersmith, by which it is hoped the West London Hospital will largely benefit. (The sum of £200 was realised last year by this means.) The first prize for the best-decorated cycle was awarded to Messrs. Albone and Harman, together with the Misses Gould and Harman, who, dressed in yachting costume and riding two tandem bicycles connected together, carried a large model of the popular *Shamrock*.

Who was the lady cyclist that first dared to ride in public? The ladies of Devon are thinking of having some permanent record of the first lady rider in that part of the country—Miss Frances Latimer, the daughter of a Plymouth journalist. Miss Latimer rode in the streets, to the amazement of the local world, in 1891. That is only eight short years ago. And what changes in those eight years! I wonder from how many visiting-lists her name was struck, and how many decorous old ladies sniffed at Miss Latimer's forwardness and lack of womanliness and general unladylike behaviour? I have no doubt Miss Latimer suffered the fate of all reformers. Cycling is a fine example of the danger of being dogmatic in your opinion as to what is "proper" and what is "improper" in conduct. In regard to cycling, there are hundreds and thousands of women who sneered at the "impropriety" of other women, who in time—simply because it was fashionable and a Royal Princess bicycled—became equally "improper" themselves. What material for the cynic! But, regarding the first lady cyclist, can any of my readers give me the name of a lady who bicycled prior to 1891? Before it is too late, it would be well to have it decided who was

the first lady cyclist in England, so that her name may be authentically handed down to posterity.

I am sceptical about the news, coming by way of Vienna, that six cyclists were in Hungary attacked by a party of peasants, who took them for evil spirits. The story goes that the half-dozen wheelmen were riding during the night along a road close to the cemetery of a village with an unpronounceable name. The villagers, thinking the wheelmen demons, attached them with stones. When the cyclists got off to prove their humanity, as the stones didn't pass through their shadowy bodies, but hurt them, the peasants belaboured the six with sticks. After knocking all the cyclists insensible, they ran away. I can't believe this any more than I could believe it if the story came from Hampshire. I know Hungary, and I know the Hungarian villagers. Cycling is very popular among the Magyars; there is no village without a number of cyclists, and the villagers themselves, dirty but picturesque, are the kindest-hearted and most hospitable folks in the world.

A Chicago paper has been advocating the establishment of what it calls "automatic noises." As the introduction of pneumatic, and therefore silent, tyres is freeing the streets from noises, it argues, new noises will have to be artificially produced or life-insurance companies will go bankrupt. The noises of the present day bear no proportionate relation to the speed of the noise-producing object. The heavy wagon loaded with band-iron or rails, while proceeding very peaceably over the cobblestones, makes as much rumpus as fifty death-dealing silent trolley-cars.

Accordingly, there is the need of rendering noises commensurate with the speed of moving objects. So the writer proposes a series of signals, to be worked by the drivers. Well, something of the sort is needed in Chicago, for I have never cycled in a noisier city. There are magnificent stretches of main-road, as level as a billiard-table, and you can ride a hundred miles without ever going over the same ground. But off the main-roads—oh, how unevenly cobbled and bumpy and big-holed the streets are, and what a clatter of traffic! It would be a magnificent thing, of course, to have all the drivers in London to signal at what speed they are overtaking us—that is, if we ever do allow them to overtake us—but to secure that we will have to wait till the days of the far-away Millennium.

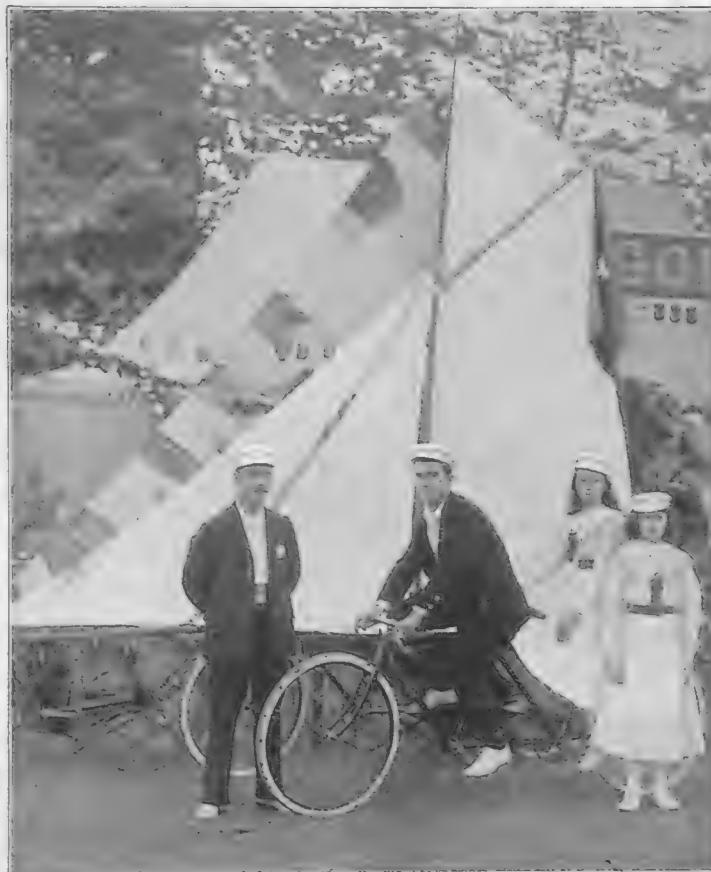
It is often alleged that cyclists are selfish. Here, then, is a little fact to the contrary. The North Warwickshire Cycling Club has just made a gift of £50 to the Birmingham University.

My friend the British Consul at Wuhu, on the Yang-tze River, has been reporting that the roads are being widened and levelled, and it is said that now there are several bicycles in the town. It is good news. Wuhu is one of the big Chinese towns on the banks of the great water-highway, "the Son of the Ocean," as the Celestials themselves call it, and

there is a British Consul and four upholding the dignity of the Old Country. I remember well the day I turned up at Wuhu, along with the two fellows who were with me. It was December, bitterly cold and sleety, and I had lumbago and rheumatism and toothache from sleeping out-of-doors. We were grimy and unwashed, and went to a native inn and got off some of the dirt. Then we went off to see the Consul, one of those cheery men glad to see a fellow-countryman, and willing to do anything for him. He showed us his bicycle—a lady's bicycle it was, by the way—the only one then in Wuhu. There was something the matter with the tyres and the spokes, and the wheels wobbled a bit. The Consul rode it about his compound, just to show us there were cycles in the interior of China, and that fun could be obtained. Now comes the news there are good bicycles in Wuhu. That is capital. One of the interesting things of the present day is how the bicycle penetrates everywhere, the heart of Asia and the plains of Africa. There are few spots on the earth where half-a-dozen Britishers gather together where you do not find a bicycle of some sort.

Preparations are now in rapid progress for the two big Cycling Shows in November, the National at the Crystal Palace and the Stanley at the Agricultural Hall. Free-wheels and motor-cycles will probably be the distinguishing features. At the Palace the gridiron sort of wooden floor will, before then, have given place to a concrete floor, and smoking is to be allowed in the North Nave.

J. F. F.



WEST LONDON CYCLING CARNIVAL.
Messrs. Albone and Harman and Misses Gould and Harman, winners of the First Prize for the "Shamrock."

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Mr. R. K. Mainwaring is to be congratulated on having given us a couple of fair puzzles for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and speculators will be ill-advised if they attempt to do business in these races until the acceptances have been published. It can be taken for granted that both races will produce good contests, and the winner of the Cambridgeshire, at least, will take a lot of finding. For the Cesarewitch, Merman, Tom Cringle, Damocles, Innocence, St. Bris, and one or two others have received support on the Continent, but there is plenty of time yet to see many chops and changes in the market. For the Cambridgeshire, Huggins is supposed to hold the key, and his are certainly a useful lot. The knowing ones aver that he trains a rod in pickle in Sly Fox, who has only run once in this country, when he was nothing like fit. Cellada, too, is a tip. Huggins's horses should be followed, by-the-bye, for the rest of the season.

The Doncaster Meeting is hardly likely to be the best of the series, as the race for the St. Leger has dwindled down to very small proportions, and, in my opinion, something will have to be done to revive an interest in the classic events. Flying Fox (1) and Caiman (2) is expected to be the result of the St. Leger, and Victoria May may get a place. Victor Wolf has a chance for the Tattersall Sale Stakes, and Vain Duchess may win the Rous Plate. If Landrail meets with better luck than usual, he ought to win the Doncaster Stakes, and Sweet Marjorie may capture the Park Hill Stakes. There should be some lively bidding at the Doncaster Sales, and it is expected that the Sleamen youngsters will fetch big prices on Thursday, as they are a level lot. Mr. Sneyd will send up the Keele Park yearlings on Friday, and the catalogue of this lot contains the history of the breeding of the sires—quite a novelty in the matter of advertising, by-the-bye.

As I have often remarked, the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Devonshire have stuck to the Sport of Kings manfully, but the Duke of Portland cares little for racing now. The Earl of Zetland is no longer a big owner of racehorses, and even the Right Hon. James Lowther has reduced his holding. The Earl of Dunraven does not take half the interest in racing that he did when the late Lord Randolph Churchill was alive. Lord Londonderry simply toys with the nettle, and the same may be said of Lord Lurgan. Sir George Chetwynd's colours are never seen on the racecourse now, and those of Lord Hastings but seldom. Lord Rodney does not race now, neither does Lord Rosslyn. Of the recruits, Lord Wolverton, Lord Warwick, Lord Falmouth, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Cowley are only small owners—that is to say, they have very few horses in training. The Duke of Marlborough owns one or two thoroughbreds, but he is not gone on the sport, and the Duke of Leeds, who favours coursing, cares little or nothing about racing.

A horse ran at Derby with the extraordinary name of Alice Where Art Thou, and I consider the Jockey Club ought to disqualify an animal with such a ridiculous name from running under their rules. It is all very well for the racing senators to pretend that they take no notice of betting; but the majority of the newspapers in this country, morning and evening, publish racing and betting news, and it is quite certain that, if every racehorse running bore four-word names, it would be impossible for the telegraph people to deal thoroughly with the work in the limited time at their command. It is bad enough for those who have to handle racing news to deal with horses without a name, but it is ten times worse when the name of an animal costs twopence to telegraph. I certainly think the time has arrived when the Jockey Club should appoint a Nomenclature Committee. The powers that be can be hypercritical at times. For instance, an owner once named his horse Redeemer, in reference to the pawnshop. This was considered to be blasphemous, so he adopted the alternative, and re-christened the animal Pledger.

I continue to hear of some very heavy gambling at the card-tables, and I do think that our jockeys should be warned not to play cards or

billiards for high stakes. One thing is certain, if they continue at the game long, they are bound to lose their money, as the decoy-ducks and other members of the sharers' gang are simply unbeatable at their own game. According to rumour, one jockey has lost several thousands of pounds over cards during the last six months. Now, one thing is evident—no jockey can do his best in the saddle after having been up all the previous night sitting at the card-table. Further, it is not desirable, in the interests of owners, to allow jockeys to become the associates of card-sharers. The evil is growing, but it will have to be attacked by the powers that be, when it is more than likely there will be some astounding revelations, especially should the names of the decoy-ducks come to be published.

It is a thousand pities that the Prince of Wales does not patronise sport under National Hunt Rules more freely. If his Royal Highness decided to keep half-a-dozen jumpers in training, I really believe half-a-score of other owners of flat-racers would follow suit, and the sport between the flags would immediately commence to hum. For my own part, I would rather watch one good steeplechase than a dozen £1000 sprints, and I believe a large majority of the public favour the winter sport; but, under present conditions, it is not made sufficiently attractive as a speculating medium. We hear of too much crooked business taking place in the little selling races. To attempt to size up form by the book is waste of time just now, because in-and-out running is apparently the rule, and not the exception. For the sport to become a success, it must attract more patrons of high standing.

The Duke of Westminster and Lord William Beresford have been the most successful owners of the year, but I am sorry to notice that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has been out of luck of late, and the patrons of R. Marsh's stable have not been over-successful. Elsey continues to win races for his patrons, and he is certainly one of the most successful of the trainers who prepare horses of the middle class. John Porter holds his own with the classic performers. Halsey, the ex-steeplechase jockey, has done well this year for Mr. J. A. Miller, who, according to all accounts, gives the Ring a real good shock when one of his platers gets home. I strolled over the downs at Michel Grove the other day, and I consider Halsey's training-ground one of the best in England—second only to Manton. No wonder Alec Taylor and William Goater used to monopolise the long-distance races.

The foreign jockeys get the best averages in this country, perhaps, because they have good average

mounts. English jockeys with retainers have to ride strictly to orders, and often they are on animals that are palpably unfit and are out for an airing. Some very funny tales are told, by-the-bye, of happenings to jockeys who were on horses that were supposed not to have any chance. Some years back, a certain well-known animal that was as fat as bull-beef got second, beaten a neck only, in a big race when he was expected to finish absolutely last. This horse did not win a race until two years after the episode referred to, as the handicappers piled the weight on. Not long since a jockey won on a plater who was put into a race to get a feeler for a better horse at home, but when the supposed good thing came to be slipped he finished down the course. It was ever thus. The late H. B. Bromhead, who edited Custance's book, used to tell a funny trial-story. A certain trainer tried all his jumpers, when one cleared the others out. The winner was entered in a selling hurdle-race and finished absolutely last, when it was discovered that all the horses in the stable this animal sprang from were not worth shooting.

People who take no interest in racing imagine that, when there are no meetings in the South of England, sportsmen in the South take a holiday. They are vastly mistaken. It is almost impossible for a keen racing-man to go making holiday. It is not in his blood. He takes a rest only when absolutely compelled by the lack of a fixture. Then he is like a bear with a sore head, for he has no occupation but racing. In that and that alone he lives and has his being, so, when the sport is in the North, he is to be found North; when in the South, South.

CAPTAIN COE.



MCLEOD, THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BOWLER WHO IS NOW VISITING ENGLAND.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Slaughterers of the little brown bird came off better in several senses on the First than did the first guns of the season further north last month. For heavy walking after heavenly watering-pots may be a trifle tiring, but what can compare with the abnormal distress of careering after coy



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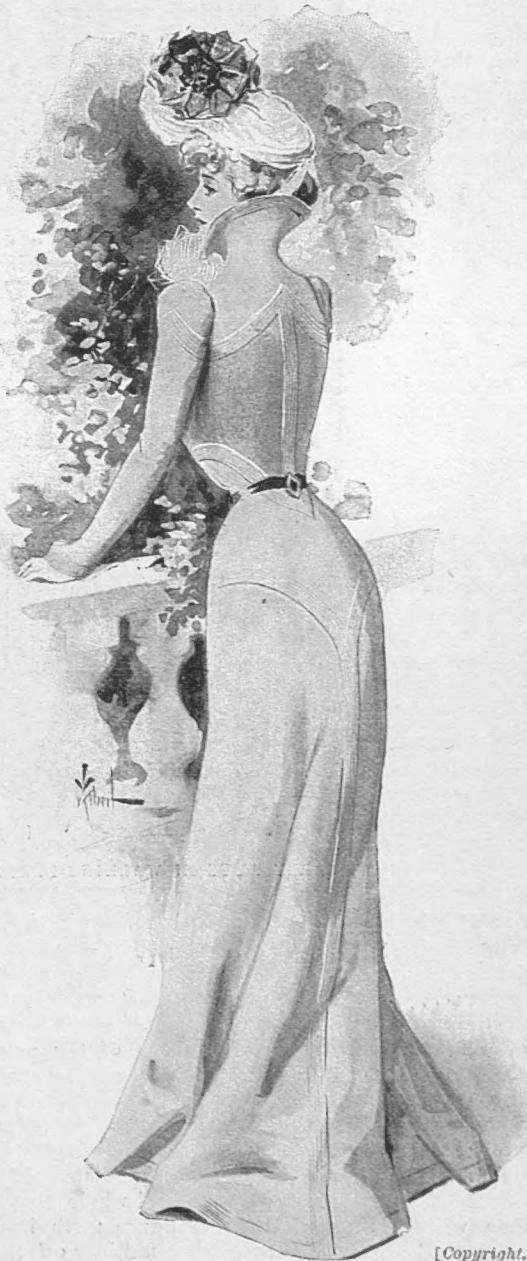
A PRETTY DESIGN IN CLOTH AND LACE.

grouse on a sun-baked moor in a temperature that seems borrowed from even deeper, more abysmal depths than Purgatory? I feel well assured that half the enthusiastic sportsmen in North Britain would have given anything bestowable to escape, if it were possible, some of the fiery ordeals they had to undergo in those past broiling days with dog and driver—in fact, a few, more honest than their kind, have imparted as much in subsequent confidential moments—but the public opinion of boudoir and smoke-room sternly forbade such backslidings. Meanwhile, this spurt of rain that has brought up the poor thirsty flowers and softened the hard-baked ground has treated the sporting contingent very kindly too. It is only the garden-party goers that have had reason to lament, and, as my private opinion of such functions, seriously, is that they are better left alone, I cannot find much sympathy for the wails that are raised over the impossibility of croquet, or the nipping of tennis-teas in the bud, or the various other distracting outdoor gaieties with which “the country” solaces itself in days dwindling of summer.

Omar Khayyám was a wise man, and knew to what uses the country should be put. A book, a shady tree, and I think there was something about a sympathetic other self—in juxtaposition, like the planets. But why people should drive many dusty miles on these hot autumn days to chase after wooden balls, and drink uncomfortable tea, and eat strange cake, on other people's lawns, is a lasting source of wonder to me, when there are things so much more excellent in one's own environment. I am credibly and volubly informed each autumn that my devotion to lazy, quiet hours under a branching beech-tree, or on the side of a wild-bird

haunted mere, is the morbid immobility of a tired-out dweller in cities, but deny the indictment. The very quintessence of the country's charm is surely its possibility of do-nothingness in summer, just as hard going in a good grass-country at least five days a week would be an inevitable condition of wintering in content among the same surroundings. All this is wandering far afield from the subject of autumn frocks, by the way, and expectant readers, thirstily waiting for some kindly light at this fountain of frivolous knowledge, may be excused for wondering what blackbirds and bumble-bees and ploughed fields have to do with the more legitimate sumptuary subjects of these columns. But, as a matter of mere fact, there is a very cordial cousinship between Nature and art—even the art of clothes. And, like most other relationships, occasional divergencies and absences greatly assist a felicitous understanding. So, if I occasionally break away from “band and gusset and seam” to look round on the Flowers of the Forest as distinguished from those of the shop-window, it is with no loss of appreciation for either, but a mere following the eternal law of change, variety, and original sin which so thoughtfully impels us to wish and do exactly the opposite to that which circumstances and a well-ordered mind would point.

Judging from the reports of many friends who shower exuberant four-sheets on me from many places far afield, there is a great deal of activity going on amongst the one and only Sex this autumn. While the men are all on shooting bent, the outnumbering female absorbs a dozen other fields of action, and I hear of cycling parties, automobiling tours, riding jaunts, mail-coaching, cruising, and expeditions variously to



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THE SMART TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

spa and seaside with which energetic woman bustles through her autumn holiday. From one form of her many delights I am deeply grateful an unconquerably lazy disposition delivers me, and that is the dressing-up existence necessary to such haunts of fashion as the modish spa or seaside place. To spend August in gloves—other than driving ones—must be a fatiguing philosophy, but that there are devoted victims

of fashion who hug such martyrdom to their tightly laced hearts is, no doubt, a wise dispensation of always artistic Nature, and, at all events, provides the dressmakers with a perennial field of activity. At the moment, shooting-gear of all kinds is much in evidence, not only in the Highlands, but Northern counties as well; and very much improved in appearance and frocky contour generally is the fair gunner of this season from that of a short time back, when the ugly short kilt-like petticoat, pleated all round and flat at the waist, was considered the only correct form of the feminine shot. Both divided and flat skirts are now in the bill; the latter is, perhaps, best, and differs somewhat from the ordinary cut, for, while being made very tight about the hips, it has a seam at back, and on each side two narrow stitched pleats like gores, giving the necessary fulness for rapid walking. The front of this skirt has an apron, cut on the cross, which is attached on each side by stitched tabs, showing the buttons. The skirt should, by the way, be slightly weighted round the bottom with a false hem of the same stuff



AN EARLY AUTUMN WALKING-DRESS.

as that of which it is built, and, *nota bene*, it should not come much below the knees. The width allowed by the great tailor who evolved this ideal shooting-skirt is two yards and a-half, not more.

Princess Murat, who rather affects a sporting style, and is, moreover, an excellent shot, has had an uncommonly smart shooting-frock built for her of a fancy Corkscrew cloth in one of the new beige colourings. She will wear with it tartan cravats and soft "stock" collars in piqué, one of the new melon-shaped Suède hats with an eagle feather at one side, and smart gaiters of reindeer skin, matching gloves and waistcoat—a most workmanlike altogether. High laced boots are, to my thinking, always smarter in appearance than the most perfectly fitting gaiter, but that is, once more, a matter of taste. A whole bundle of patterns from the new winter stuffs destined to figure forth in Paris this coming season have been sent me by a man-milliner off the "Paix," who has been my "most obedient" ever since I sent him an Australian heiress to buy her trousseau.

Bright colours seem to predominate, as they seasonably should. But there are some seductive pale-coloured woollen stuffs, too, which greatly charm my frivolous mind, and one, a shiny cream-coloured cloth spotted with black velvet, looks delicious. These spots seem very much destined to popularity; they are shown in so many differing tones and contrasts:

a periwinkle-blue with little velvet pin-points in a deeper tone, for instance, and a pale pearl-grey spotted with one tone darker. Coloured velvet ribbons are also used to overlay some of the new stuffs, and all sorts of thickly ribbed materials are promised, like the old matalassé of a quarter-century back, while curious arabesques in velvet are woven into the new materials, often with more amazing than admirable results.

The newest colour is a garnet-red called "automobile." Other dressmakers have less euphoniously but with more actuality called it "wine-dregs" red, but by either name the colour will be equally in desire and demand. Embossed velvets will also revisit glimpses of the winter moons, many of the new fancy velvets being, besides, sewn with little posies of flowers, or "sprigged," after the manner of our summer muslins. As to the form of our winter gowns, they will all be built after the redingote or Princesse model, which means that we shall be as sinuous and tightly swathed as ever, only more so.

Then, in the matter of outdoor garments, which are really the most indispensable part of an English winter wardrobe, the long-basqued, tailor-built jacket is promised a revival, since it has been conclusively proved as more becoming than the abbreviated coat-tails of our present wear. Beyond this the oracle does not seem at present able or inclined to go. But even for such small crumbs of intelligence one is constrained to be grateful, more particularly when they come from the very fount and river-head of all fashionable vagaries.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

AFRICANDER.—Try Peau d'Espagne Soap. Its essence is stronger than the Rhine Violet, which, being impregnated with the flower of its name, is necessarily more delicate. You can get both at 62, New Bond Street. I am so pleased that the weekly arrival of *The Sketch* enlivens your exile. But it is not all cakes and ale over here either, you know. So you think I am a man—I only wish I were!

SYBIL.

"BUSKING."

How many people know what "busking" is? Plenty of Bohemians do not, though Bohemians generally know the slang of each other's professions. As a respectable occupation, busking is a modern invention. It is often extremely well paid, twenty or thirty guineas a day being nothing exceptional. In brief, a busker is a high-class street-musician, "street" being taken to include regattas, garden-parties, and picnics. The mysterious Japs are buskers, and it may be added that all explanations of their identity up till now are wrong. Tamagno, whom some consider the greatest tenor in the world, has been a busker.

Many very well-known musicians become buskers once or twice in the year, at places like Henley or Cowes. The fact is, to busk or not to busk becomes sometimes a momentous question. The singer has the offer of open-air engagements which will bring him in fifty guineas in a day, but with a slight loss of professional standing, instead of a concert or drawing-room engagement by which he may make as little as two guineas, for solo-singing is, at the present moment, very badly paid. In the one case, he dresses in the most comfortable flannels, pulls about in a skiff all day in perfect weather, and is invited on board a house-boat by a millionaire (who has just paid him five pounds for a few minutes' work), treated to unlimited champagne, and made a lion of. In the other case, he travels, say, three hours on a pouring night, and is kept by the host in a sort of cell in the lower portion of the house until called for. He is treated as coming between the butler and the governess in social standing (a little higher than the governess, that is, and a little lower than the butler), and has no food or drink for four or five hours. He has also the chance of busking when the season is over and engagements come to an end.

Busking, however, has two disadvantages. It is ruinous to the voice if persisted in, and is sure to produce a raucous quality, while pianissimo effects are, of course, generally lost on an open-air audience. And, as aforesaid, there is a slight loss of caste. Some "stars" may refuse to sing on the same platform as a man who has done any busking. A little observation will show the reader that buskers' music is not of the most classical kind.

As in the case of the mysterious Japs, the busking party may be masked. This is useless if they are London singers and very well known, for disguise would be of no avail. The voice cannot be masked. Dye and false moustaches are occasionally used when the mask is not. The psychological moment when the masked busker is within a few feet of, say, the lady he has met in a Society drawing-room the day before is exciting, often unpleasantly so.

There is, of course, the big violinist or singer who has drunk himself out of his profession and does nothing else but busking, but he is the street-singer proper. Of him the muse is silent. The above facts are not generally known, for the busker never advertises his calling, but, for verification, ask anyone behind the scenes. *Infra dig.?* Perhaps so. But a hundred guineas in a few hours!

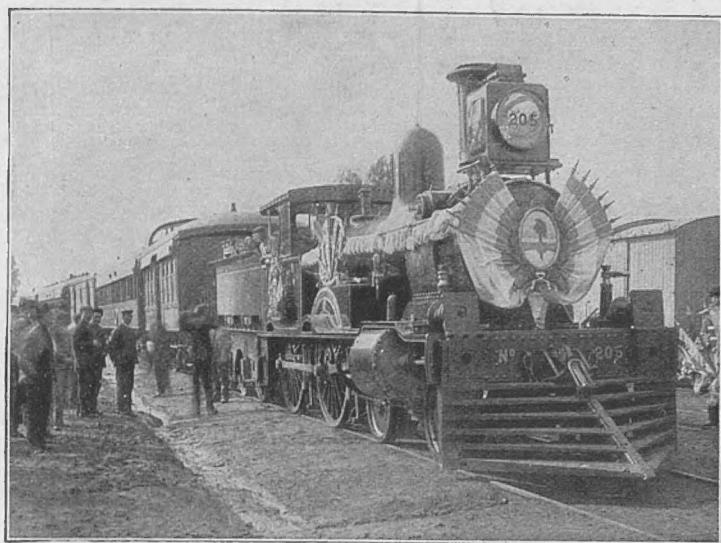
Miss Ivy Wood is well known to music-lovers in the Metropolis. She is of good presence, sings pleasantly and capably, and is clever in mimicking celebrities of the theatrical profession. This is particularly so in the case of Miss Ellaline Terriss, whose grace, refinement, and artistic excellence she portrays to perfection. The humorous and amiable characteristics of Miss Connie Ediss are also included in her varied répertoire, which is a *mélange* of the pathetic and the diverting.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 13.

"HOW ARE THINGS?"

The political atmosphere is a little clearer than when we last wrote. Only slight importance is attached in the Stock Exchange to the brush between British bluejackets and the Russians in the Far East, but the



ARGENTINE RAILWAY EXTENSION: FROM BUENOS AYRES TO CHILI.

Transvaal Trouble still clouds the sky very uncomfortably. Consols improved after the price was made ex-dividend, and gilt-edged stocks would have also risen had there been any demand for them, which there is not, business being now reduced to a minimum in the investment markets. Money shows slight signs of becoming easier, and capital remains locked up until the world shall have settled down to more peaceful prospects. There is a truly enormous amount of cash awaiting profitable sources of investment, but the public will not buy in markets such as these. Accordingly, many of the principal Stock Exchange members are away shooting the lively grouse or the perky partridge, leaving to junior partners and authorised clerks the small volume of business that has to be done. The animation in Americans is subsiding, owing, no doubt, to the holiday-season requirements of Wall Street, and the Westralian Market books perhaps a twentieth part of the bargains that it did a month ago. The Stock Exchange army is merely marking time.

THE ARGENTINE MARKET.

The Foreign Market has no cause for blessing these dog-days; they have brought, for one thing, a sudden gamble in the gold premium at Buenos Ayres, which is far from being relished by the holders of Argentine Government securities over here. The 6 per cent. Funding Bonds are almost the only ones that display any sort of strength; the rest of the list is now several points below quotations that ruled in May, although by no means at its lowest of the year. The question of a fixed premium has agitated the market profoundly, and has provided a topic of conversation for the dealers in the Stock Exchange of scarcely less interest than the utter-absence-of-business one. President Roca is making a strenuous attempt to place the currency upon a more stable basis, and his efforts will have the sincere good wishes of everyone who takes the least interest in the Republic. Judging from his appearance in the accompanying group, the work is none of the cheerfulness.

Argentine Railway stocks are suffering keenly from the vagaries of the premium; and as for some of the lower-priced descriptions, a fall of a few points is considered quite natural if a small seller appears in the market. The main lines of the country are, of course, also feeling the effects of the fluctuating exchange, which for a time seems likely to check fresh railway enterprise. The Buenos Ayres Great Southern Company, however, has just finished an extension of some 350 miles to its metals, a new line having been laid from Bahia Blanca to Neu Kuen, on the Chilian frontier. The extension was opened on June 1 last by the President himself, and the secretary of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern kindly allows us to make use of two photographs taken upon this occasion. The "group" was snapped in the saloon-carriage of the first train (its engine is also depicted here) at one o'clock in the night. President Roca occupies the centre of the picture. The Minister of Marine is seated immediately upon his right, and the Minister of War, General Campos, reclines haughtily upon the other side. We cannot identify the legs on the right-hand side of the photograph, and can only surmise that they belong to a bashful Minister of the Interior.

THE GOLD OF WESTRALIA AND VICTORIA.

The latest returns showing the exports of gold from West Australia for August only just missed beating the record, but their announcement had no more effect upon market prices than the magnificent Transvaal figures usually exert over Kaffirs. The export must not, of course, be

confused with the output of the mining companies; statistics of the latter for the past month will probably appear in about a fortnight, and they afford a fairer criterion for comparison when one is considering the market point of view. But even the gloomiest "bear" of Kangaroos can hardly fail to be startled at the huge jump that the figures have made during the last three years, and, however much caution is needed in dealing in this market, it is quite clear that the industry is making gigantic strides. Glance at these figures for a moment. They represent the export for the month of August alone in the last three years—

1897.			1898.			1899.		
Oz.	Value.		Oz.	Value.		Oz.	Value.	
65,129	£247,490	...	89,395	£339,702	...	145,397	£552,511	

The amount has more than doubled, and the value has kept pretty equal pace with the number of ounces, having advanced no less than £305,021, or at the rate of over £100,000 a-year. There is food for reflection around these statistics.

Turning from West Australia, whose pre-eminence in the gold-mining excitement dwarfs the interest displayed in other parts of the continent, the claims of Victoria to a place among the gold-producers of the world are supported by the fact that in less than half-a-century she has won nearly 246½ millions sterling of the precious metal, and enterprising prospectors can be found in the colony on goldfields 6000 feet above the sea or 3000 feet below the surface. The excellent handbook recently issued by the Victorian Government Agricultural Department is full of information upon all points of interest connected with the colony, and the pictures which we reproduce exhibit two of the manifold ways in which the gold is sought. By the courtesy of the Department, we have culled these illustrations from a host of others with which the handbook is liberally illuminated.

KAFFIRS.

Continuing our last week's comments upon the Kaffir Market, there have been various shades of fluctuations since we wrote; but, on the whole, prices show very little change. The shoals of rumours that circulate daily merely serve to alter shares to the extent of a small fraction, and, of course, no definite movement either way will take place until the decks are cleared for war or peace. Writing half-a-week ahead, as we are obliged to do, it is impossible to more than guess at what may have happened when this paper is finally presented to the reader; but deductions drawn from figures are open to us, and we supplement our last week's list with another, which shows the highest and lowest prices touched this year of certain representative shares, with a table giving the closing prices on Saturday afternoon—

	Highest.	Lowest.	Price Sept. 2, 1899.
Angelo	8½	6½	7½
City and Suburban	6½	5½	5½
Crown Reef	20	14½	16½
East Rand	8½	6	6½
Knights	7½	4½	5½
Modders	13½	6½	10½
Randfontein	3½	1½	2½
Rand Mines	45½	33½	38½

So far from prices being anything like the lowest touched this year, it will be seen at a glance that the majority are very far from it, conclusive evidence that large holders have not been shaken out of their belief



Dr. EMMANO FREIS, President Roca, General Campos.

A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN ARGENTINOS.

that the end will be peace. Even Chartered are still above their bottom price, although the market in the shares has had nothing to keep it up for weeks and weeks, and the "bears" might make hay with impunity if they desired. Goldfields, too, are standing over

three pounds higher than they have already done this year, as will be seen by the list—

	1899.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Price Sept. 2, 1899.
Chartered 4 $\frac{3}{8}$... 2 $\frac{3}{4}$... 3 $\frac{1}{8}$
Goldfields 9	... 5 $\frac{1}{2}$... 7 $\frac{3}{16}$
Matabele Reefs 5 $\frac{1}{4}$... 3 $\frac{1}{4}$... 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
De Beers 30 $\frac{1}{4}$... 26 $\frac{1}{4}$... 27 $\frac{3}{4}$

There is a strong belief in some quarters of the Kaffir Market that the Queen is exerting her fullest influence to secure peace, as an outbreak could add no lustre at all to the declining years of the century, to say nothing of the humanitarian side of the question and the part Sir Julian Pauncefote played in the Peace Conference. All that the "bulls" ask is security for a little piece of peace, and then—!

By the way, we regret that a mistake slipped into our list last week. In comparing the present price of Matabele Reefs with that of last September, we did not allow for the threefold division of the shares. The oversight was almost too obvious to call for comment.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

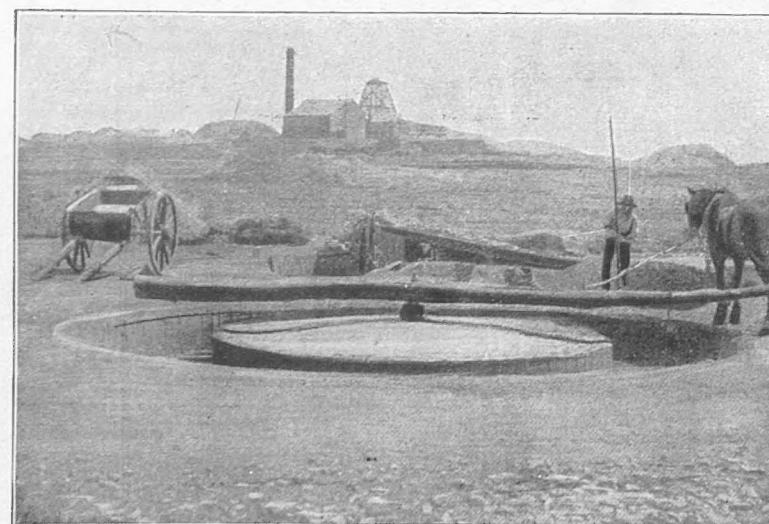
The Stock Exchange.

Hushed is the markets' merry mirth; hushed the joyous jauntiness of the Westralian holders, weary of their shares; stilled the loud laughter of the Kaffir Circus, and damped the blatant "bullishness" of Yankee speculators. Why is this thusness? Because a pig-headed old gentleman and some dozen or two of Dutch cattle-merchants think they know more about the science of ruling a country than the representatives of a land which has been building up this very same science from the days of King Alfred (I trust, *en parenthèse*, that the Committee of the Stock Exchange will not suspend its worthy Chairman for advertising if I mention that our "Jay Kay" is one of the foremost spirits in arranging for the commemoration of that cake-loving if somewhat absent-minded Sovereign in the coming century). The Transvaal Tangle stalks even through our dreams—the metaphor will become luminous if closely considered—and it is becoming a trifle wearisome. A man whom I directed in Throgmorton Street to-day said, "How are things in there?" glowering darkly at the Stock Exchange doors; and when I told him that hopes of peace were cheering things up a bit, he exclaimed, "Oh! (national exclamation) peace! My regiment was at Majuba Hill, and," he added, with a significant nod, "it wants to go there again." There is a lot of this spirit about, unhappily; it can lead to no good, and only aggravates the existing irritation. The House, on the whole, is taking a much more sensible view, and there has been no vestige of anything like panic even in the Kaffir Market. Had the American Market been facing a situation half so blighting, its prices would have been prostrate long before this.

Yankees are being dropped again by the speculative fraternity on this side, the high rates of contango continuing to militate against any sustained revival. The Grand Trunk Market, on the other hand, is enjoying comparatively good business, and, if only people would pay for what they bought, a strong advance might be looked for in the near future. Investors are beginning to seriously buy the First Preference stock, which, not very long ago, was regarded as quite a gambling counter, and confident hopes are expressed with regard to its getting 4 per cent. at the end of the current half-year—with, perhaps, a little bit over for the Second Preference. Concerning this last, I fancy it is rather premature to make such prophecies, but the First Preference I certainly consider likely to go at least ten points better before another year has passed. It now stands at about 86 $\frac{1}{2}$,

Heavily Home Railway prices hang their heads. Scarcely a hundred bargains a day are recorded in the various jobbing-books, and many of the principal jobbers are away. Once more the hint is going round to buy Dover "A" upon Paris Exhibition prospects, in spite of the fact that the most prominent prospect at the moment is that there will be no Exhibition at all next year. If there is one, visitors won't go unless "La Belle France" is in a considerably better temper than her present one. The heavy lines are the dreariest market of all, and, as for the Electric Railway Market, its prices are as placid as a pond when there is no rain. Talking of rain reminds me that I was standing at the main door unfurling an umbrella last Tuesday, the first day for weeks that we have had anything more than an apology for a shower. A broker next to me remarked disgustedly, "Rain, rain? It's always raining!"

The Crystal Palace report is regarded somewhat disappointedly, and the stocks show no recovery after the meeting last Thursday. The directors, however, are putting out all their strength, and succeeded in making considerably



GOLD-MINING IN VICTORIA: PUDDLING MACHINE.

more profit for the first half of 1899 than they did for the same period last year. The attendance up to June 30 was well over half-a-million people, a record which has only been exceeded once during the last six years. Mr. Edward Clark has resigned his seat upon the Board, his duties as one of the managers and trustees of the Stock Exchange, as well as his advancing business, making him wishful for release from some of his manifold responsibilities. Up in

Perthshire, shooting St. Grouse, Mr. Clark is forgetting them all for a little while, as far as he can.

"Unquoted Securities" are one of the many bane of a broker's life. The prices are so hard to get, and, when one has successfully routed them out, the chances are ten to one that they are not reliable. But I have not grudged the time and



GOLD-MINING IN VICTORIA: "WHIP" IN OMEO DISTRICT (WINTER).

labour spent in gathering some of these elusive prices for my clients, the readers of *The Sketch*, and in various markets these are some of the quotations I have gleaned—

Stock.	Found in	Price.
Queen Victoria ...	Every Market ...	1899 premium (going much better).
Captain Dreyfus	Foreign Market ...	Inn-O-cent.
President Kruger	Kaffir Circus ...	Nothing to a jam-tart.
Sir T. Lipton ...	Miscellaneous Market	Rather (Sham)rocky.
Mr. J. S. Forbes	Home Railway	1/2 dis. to 1/4 pm.

I know it is very rude to introduce technicalities, but the man who made me the price in Krugers wouldn't spring a thirty-second either way. The expression "jam-tart" means the merest trifle over the lower quotation mentioned.

What an awfully unenterprising lot the Stock Exchange Managers are! While they are spending our money on extensions of the Miscellaneous Market that are not wanted, they are letting the opportunity slip through their fingers of securing Stonehenge as a convenient after-hours' resort for the Kaffir and Yankee Markets. The Managers might just as well buy the place, throw a light glass roof over the Druidical slabs, and charge an annual subscription of, say, thirty guineas to members who cared to conduct their business in comfort after the House is closed every night. There are, I admit, various little obstacles with regard to transport and so on, but they could soon be surmounted. Ah! when brokers and dealers luxuriate under this glassy and grassy home in the days (or nights) to come, with what grateful tears will their eyes overflow when they think of *The Sketch* and

THE HOUSE HAUNTER!

NEW ISSUES.

The East Ham Urban District Council invites tenders for loans amounting to nearly £20,000. Tenders must state the rate of interest required. The loan appears to be fairly well secured.

The United Yukon Company, Limited, is a new version of an old concern, and its shares are being extensively puffed in this country by the Kootenay Exploration Company. It seems a pity that the circulars are printed on paper which is much too thin for cuff-protectors.

Saturday, Sept. 2, 1899.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAVINGS BANK.—Yes, we consider that 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Consolidated Stock is quite safe."

SHAMROCK.—What on earth has your question to do with finance? You should apply to our Sporting Editor.

INQUIRER.—Have nothing to do with the Mining Market. As your capital is so limited, you had much better select some Industrial, such as Liptons or something of that kind.

FOREIGNER.—Deferred stock is that upon which no dividend is paid until the claims of fixed charges are satisfied. Cumulative Preference means that the stock has a prior right of dividend before the Ordinary, and, if nothing is paid for one year, the arrears accumulate until the company can pay them off. Kaffirs Consolidated we should not touch.

MEDWAY.—Many thanks for your extremely polite letter.